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No Hiding Place

The rescue at Mogadishu, repeating the success of Entebbe, marks a step forward in the continuing war of civilisation against the pirates of the 20th century. In one important respect, Mogadishu was better than Entebbe: President Siad Barre of Somalia, in marked contrast to Amin, gave his approval to what was technically an armed invasion of his territory. We are closer to at least a tacit international agreement that the nation to which the aircraft and most of the passengers belong has a right to take action anywhere. Countries prepared to give a friendly welcome to hijackers and help them to get away scot free are, we can reasonably hope, becoming fewer and fewer. Governments both in the capitalist world and (for reasons of their own) in the Soviet bloc concur in seeing this banditry as an intolerable nuisance, and that view is preponderant in the Third World too. Siad Barre is a Marxist and a sworn enemy of imperialism, but he is a sane man. Terrorism in the strict sense – conspiratorial violence which renounces any attempt at popular support – has absolutely nothing to do with revolution, with guerrilla war, or with the development of a radical mass movement, unless to discredit and hamper the causes by which it claims to be inspired. If the hard core of terrorists is beyond rational thought, the attitude of a man like Siad Barre should at least influence possible recruits.

But, although the deaths in Stammheim jail may spell the end of West German extremism, the terrorist international – notably in the Palestinian cause – remains in being. Desperation may stimulate ruthlessness; the time limits before the slaughter of the victims may become shorter. Some rescue operations are bound to go wrong, and most nations do not possess shock troops with the expert training needed to bring off this kind of split-second action. For all these reasons, the rescue is decidedly the last resort. In this matter prevention is immensely better than cure, and it is to the task of prevention that the international community must now devote itself.

Although Israel is the prime target of the Palestinian terrorists and their cosmopolitan allies, it is a striking fact that El Al planes do not get hijacked. Their procedure of scrutiny is extremely meticulous. Passengers have to check in two hours early and undergo a thorough questioning, while luggage is painstakingly unpacked and examined. Armed and disguised security men travel on every El Al flight. In contrast, the precautions taken by some airlines are shockingly casual. Patently suspicious characters – one can scarcely believe that 'Captain Mahmud' could have passed a serious examination as a businessman or a holiday-maker – get aboard easily. Worse still, they get aboard with their guns. Many airports (especially small airports, but some in major cities too) are equipped for only the most derisory screening.

The reason is that airlines are in business to make a profit, or in this period of recession to avoid a loss. They fear that a tedious procedure and an early check-in would reduce the number of flights, while some passengers would resent stringent searching and interrogation. And airports in places like Majorca or the Greek islands are keen to get passengers away in swiftly moving groups during a fairly short holiday season. So the airport managers are free to skimp on security, as they skimp on radar, to balance their books.

The time has come for a decision to put human life ahead of profit. An agreed and high-standard security procedure should be enforced at all airports, and those which do not conform to it should be boycotted. Since most airlines are state-owned, the ruling could be enforced by governments. Flying would certainly become slower and the number of flights would be reduced. But some people might find out how pleasant and relatively quick train journeys are; and in any case the price, if it is a price, must be paid. A society which exposes people to the risk of suffering and death for the sake of saving trouble is on the same moral and rational level as the man in the poster who didn't fasten his safety-belt, simply because he couldn't be bothered with the inconvenience.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

It's Good News Week

Good morning. Heck – good morning is perhaps a rather feeble way of expressing it. Terrific morning, superb collector's piece of a morning, morning grown on a light sandy soil, with a charming fruity flavour, a rich bouquet and a good colour; rare and important morning, in perfect condition, one of a pair made and signed by Thomas Chippendale, the property of a gentleman (expected to fetch £1,500m. next month); morning of jubilation; the sort of morning on which Doctor Spooner came bounding down to breakfast, gave his egg a smacking kiss and hit his wife on the head with a teaspoon. *That* sort of morning.

What I mean is: the sort of morning on which Audrey Callaghan might dare to say, 'Pass the toast,' without fear of getting her head bitten off; when Edna Healey, padding upstairs with the tea-tray, might be less than anxious about the papers under her arm; when Molly Hattersley, awaiting the return of her trim, track-suited husband, might put an extra kipper under the grill; when Joan Booth might dare to splash out on another teaspoonful of Bemax. *That* sort of morning.

Take for instance, the news about the public spending borrowing requirement. The way Peter Jay used to see it, the PSBR was liable to swell and swell until it engulfed us all in bankruptcy and national misery. But a funny thing has happened to the PSBR since Jay left the country – it seems to have shrunk to the size of a dried pea. I exaggerate, but only slightly. A year ago the forecast for 1977-1978 was £11,000m. Today that figure appears to have reduced to £7,000m. Next week, no doubt, it will be nearer £5,000m., and the week after – tuppence ha'penny. It is peculiar, is it not? One wonders how the thing is calculated. Presumably it's done after the careful perusal of the flights of wild geese, or after rummaging through the entrails of chickens.

If the PSBR has reduced dramatically, if the minimum lending rate has fallen from 15 to 5 per cent in the course of a year, if inflation seems to be slackening, if there is a record trade surplus, if the Bank of England is struggling to hold the pound down – if in general we are moving into the age of financial probity, the question is: who is going to benefit from this turnaround? Will the public say: Jolly well done, Jim, we hereby return you to office? Or will it say: I see, we're on the way to being wealthy again, are we? In that case, let's be wealthy under the Tories. If the country turns to Labour in a period of crisis, might it not turn away again in a period of prosperity? Or, on the contrary, are we seeing Mrs Thatcher's great chance slipping away?

Certainly the feeling that things have stopped going so splendidly in the Tories' favour could be detected in Blackpool last week. Peter Walker says it. He reckons that there will be a May election, that Healey will indulge in some adept bribing of the electorate, and that, as a result, Labour might well scrape back in. But then one might expect Peter Walker to play Cassandra at this stage. There's very little else he can do. More interestingly, there are signs of unease among Thatcher's closer colleagues.

There is a feeling, for instance, that Tory economic policy has somehow lost a bit of its cutting edge. It sounded much better a few months ago than it does today. All that talk about public spending, for instance, seemed to be much more up-to-date and to-the-point and *à-propos* then than it does now. The Tories are going to have to think of some more things to say about the economy. Thatcher may raise as many laughs as she wishes with her jokes about Callaghan stealing her clothes. But, if he really *has* stolen her clothes, she's going to have to find a few more. Another thing the Tories are saying is that Thatcher perhaps made a big mistake in not talking to the Liberals in March this year. It is true that she would have had little to offer them – she could not have offered electoral reform, for instance – but perhaps she should nevertheless have engaged in some sort of negotiation.

Whether this is so or not, the opportunity to bring about a general election at the worst moment for Labour has been missed. Instead, we are climbing back out of the mid-term gloom. The initiative, henceforth, must remain with Callaghan. Under the circumstances, Thatcher has a somewhat awkward problem as, in her words of last Friday, 'autumn moves towards winter and we brace ourselves for the great task that lies ahead'. Above all, in showing herself to be a fit replacement for Callaghan, she must manage to discredit the image of Labour's conservatism. But it is not always obvious how this is to be achieved. For instance, she may declare herself to be the policeman's best friend. But has not Callaghan already declared himself to be the same thing? Is he not, really, something of a policeman himself?

The technique Thatcher adopted on Friday was to warn the public against the apparent respectability of Labour. 'Beware the leopard when it's quiet. It has not changed its spots. It just does not want its victim to know it's there.' In other words, unable to confront Callaghan's conservatism, she has to attack instead the left wing of Labour. She has to convince her audience that the communists are really in control. But, in doing so, she must convince the public of something which nobody in the Labour Party believes for a moment. The left wing of the Labour Party is not congratulating itself on having Callaghan and Healey under its thumb. On the contrary, the Left perceives quite clearly that it has lost handsomely most of its major battles to date, and that if Callaghan wins the next election it will go on losing. It would be better for Thatcher to use a few arguments which correspond to the facts.

Well, perhaps not. Certainly the press seemed very pleased with the speech. Certainly the speech was much better written, conceived, constructed and delivered than the previous year's effort. It brought to an end a conference season not noted for the quality of its oratory or the glamour of its performers. We do not – do we? – live in an age of political giants. There's Michael Heseltine, I suppose, but Heseltine should be careful, in my opinion, not to go too far. He was disappointed, I gather, that Thatcher wasn't present for his annual conference rant. As a matter of fact, she was with me at the time.

I was in the lobby of the conference hotel watching the television when she came in. 'Oh,' she said, 'there's Michael. We should have stayed for Michael. What a pity. I say,' she said, 'his hair's very untidy, isn't it! Look at his hair. How very untidy. Isn't Michael's hair untidy? Isn't it untidy, his hair?' She watched the television for a little while, and then made an observation which I thought very astute, an observation which I shall treasure up, together with all those political sayings ('language of priorities', 'fight and fight', 'moral crusade or it is nothing') that have shaped my life and my beliefs. She said: 'Look at his hair – isn't it untidy. Well, I must go and do some work.'

And you know, I could see at once what she meant. About the hair. About the untidiness of it. About the way it belonged to Michael. About the way she had to go and do some work. And in a sense, in a very profound sense, it summed up what I was feeling. It also seemed to sum up what David Dimbleby was feeling, for in a few moments the BBC turned down the volume, and then the soothing Dimbleby accents were heard saying, roughly, 'Well, I think that's quite enough of *him* for this year. Let's call it a day.' And so the wild mop began to recede into the distance, the strange, mad, gesticulating figure was soon nothing more than a speck on the rostrum, and a great wave of relief spread through the hotel.

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Maureen Colquhoun

The Northampton Story

Don't let us be mistaken about what we have seen in my Northampton North Constituency. What we have seen is the Left eating the Left.

Northampton North had a Member of Parliament who not only believed in accountability but practised it. Someone who every month sent each one of her constituency activists, the GMC delegates, a list of her forthcoming engagements; someone who set up a consultative meeting at the time of the party leadership and actually changed her vote in accordance with the vote taken at that meeting; someone who set up a monthly 'talk-in' meeting for the party membership in order to report back from Parliament (this meeting was bitterly opposed by my opponents, who it seems wished me only to talk to delegates).

I believe the real miracle in Northampton North is not that I have been dismissed, but that with everything stacked up for my opponents I came so near to winning, and that indeed if my opponents in Northampton North had been just and democratic I would have won the vote at that meeting on 27 September. Indeed I am challenging seven of those votes.

The voting was 23 for the motion and 18 against. One delegate abstained; 20 were absent. There are delegates to this General Management Committee who are not even on the electoral register. One of these, after two months as a Labour Party member, is not only a GMC delegate but also a member of the Executive Committee. But the story begins in Park Branch, which contributes to the Constituency Labour Party its chairman, secretary (we have no agent) and two vice-chairmen, and which effectively dominates the EC. The notion to re-select the MP was originally passed on 7 March 1977 at a Park Branch meeting attended by only 11 members (7 for, one against, three abstentions). Also present, but unable to vote, was a personal friend of the Park Branch chairman who a month later was slotted into the GMC as delegate from the Northamptonshire Co-op Party – the Co-op Party in Northampton town itself is defunct – and immediately elected to the EC. The motion was not mentioned on the agenda circulated before the meeting, so that branch members did not know that it was to be debated. A petition of protest signed by 15 branch members was to be ignored by the EC. I was never told about the move.

The first I heard of it was eight days later, on 15 March, when a Northampton councillor came to lunch with me at the House of Commons, 'You are coming to the GMC on Thursday night?' asked the councillor. 'No, there's a whip here,' I replied. She said: 'You ought to be there. There's a resolution from Park Branch trying to get rid of you. I heard of it at the County Council meeting last week from a Tory councillor.' I left the lunch table to check with my secretary, who told me that a letter from the CLP secretary (dated 12 March) had just come in, and that she was already dealing with inquiries from the *Northants Post*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Telegraph*. My opponents had already sent their resolution to the *Mail*, and I can only construe this choice as a deliberate act of malice, since I had already complained to the Press Council about the invasion of my privacy by this 'Peeping Tom of Fleet Street'. On the next day I couldn't get out of my front door for press photographers.

The local daily paper, the *Chronicle and Echo*, behaved impeccably, but two other papers did not. One was the *Northants Post*, a comparatively new paper relying on advertising and a huge free circulation, which was the vehicle mainly used by my opponents; it has links with the *Mail*, for whom its editor used to work. The other was the *Kettering Evening Telegraph*, circulating outside my constituency but used more and more as time went by. The proposer of the

LIBERAL CONFERENCE
"AND SO I SAY TO YOU"
LABOUR CONFERENCE
"LET THE MESSAGE GO FORTH"
CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE
"FROM THIS GREAT CONFERENCE OF OURS"
"DON'T LET THEM HAVE ALL THE FUN OF SPENDING THE NORTH SEA OIL MONEY!"
Garland

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resolution to depose me worked closely with these two papers as well as with the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Telegraph* and the *Guardian*. Even *Labour Weekly* published a grossly offensive story over the name of a journalist who has been mentioned time and time again as Park Branch's choice to succeed me. Labour Party members in Northampton always talk about 'Park Branch's choice'. Even if its meetings are attended by only 11 people, a branch that can get rid of an MP must also have the power to select the next MP. Where there is democracy?

Despite the feebleness of the thin charges brought against me, I had to fight against lies, smears and half-truths. Behind my back the real accusation was made: 'She's a Lesbian. She's an electoral liability' – but never to my face. At a special GMC on 23 August I said: 'Look, many of you are saying in unattributable comments to the press that the real reasons behind these ludicrous charges are my private life, my marriage break-up and my relationship with Barbara Todd. This is a private meeting. Ask me anything you want. Say what you want about my private life, and I'll deal with it.' To a man, hand on heart, they got up and declared that my private life was my business. But after the 27 September meeting, the party chairman was quoted in the *Guardian* saying that my private life *was* the issue and in *The Times* saying that it was not.

'It isn't us. We understand. But the voters will not.' That was the message from these professional-class people – the doctor, the lecturer, the teachers – who ran the CLP and refused to admit their own prejudice and bigotry. They have been taught a lesson by ordinary men and women in the party who have been members for decades, while the proposer and seconder of the resolution against me were not party members at the 1974 election. The long-standing members supported me, spoke and voted for me, looked at my work and not my sexuality; though politically moderate, they stood up for a left-winger; I shall never forget their integrity.

All my opponents are supporters of the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, but in many instances their disregard of democracy was stunning. One branch voted to mandate its delegation to support me; the three delegates then voted against me, explaining that the branch had 'no power to mandate'. Without democracy, automatic reselection of MPs after 42 months will not put the Labour Party on its feet. It could put power into the hands of a few activists rather than into those of many members; it is no guarantee of political interest, political thinking or political creativity. I am sure that, if I could appeal to a vote of all party members in Northampton, I should win, but I cannot be reselected by the caucus which now runs the constituency party. Perhaps one quotation can stand as a summary. At the meeting which threw me out, the chairman of Park Branch said: 'If you vote for her you won't have any party officers, you won't have a party at all – there will be nobody at the next election.' There could be no franker admission of the arrogance of his clique, and no sadder revelation of the state of the Labour Party.

Alexander Cockburn

Lonely Days in the White House

'Now I see,' said someone in Washington the other day, 'how the South lost the Civil War.' It was a sour way of putting something that is rapidly becoming the received wisdom of Washington, and rather more slowly, of the rest of the country: to wit, that the Carter Administration simply cannot cope, that Carter himself may be a one-term President, challenged fiercely in the primaries in 1979 by other Democrats and possibly relinquishing his office to a Republican in 1980. All this before the Administration is a year old. The President's own decline in the opinion polls has been precipitous; but even these figures understate his fall from grace in the eyes of the American press.

Only a few months ago Carter was depicted as a person of firm (even unbending) principle, guileful and ruthless in political manoeuvre, a competent executive, powerfully buttressed by a Democratic-controlled Congress and secure in public esteem. A very different spectacle now presents itself. The outsider from Georgia is seen as vulnerable to pressure, maladroit in his politicking and thus far unable to organise a personal staff capable of efficiently administering his designs. The Democratic Congress is wilful and refractory. And beyond Washington there is scarcely a sector of the populace which Carter is not perceived as having offended: the urban blacks, the Jews, the businessmen, the energy consumers of the North East and the energy producers of the South West, the fiscal conservatives and the fiscal liberals, the doves and the hawks. The only thing, in fact, for which Carter can thank his Redeemer is that he did not have to pardon Richard Nixon, and even here he did the next best thing by too determinedly supporting his old friend Bert Lance.

How merited is this fall from grace? Americans, after all, have a particular capacity to invest their leaders with all the attributes of unattainable excellence and to round on these poor mortals with peculiar vehemence when the impossible is not achieved. No American President can gain office without forging a coalition of essentially incompatible interests, bound to disintegrate within a fairly short period of time. Yet by the very scope of his initiatives Carter has placed his coalition under peculiarly rapid strain.

Take the matter of energy. In the last week Carter has railed against the oil companies in a manner calculated to inflame the heart of the most rabid populist. He accused them of perpetrating the greatest rip-off in American history. He spoke of their unconscionable profits; he embraced the American people in an alliance against them. His outburst, which went through three drafts at the hands of his speechwriters before delivery at a press conference, was provoked by the Senate's dismantling of his Energy Bill. It was not the Senators who received Carter's volleys of abuse, but the lobbyists and the oil men calling the shots.

But will Carter earn at least the support of liberals for this bellicose excursion against vested interests? Possibly not. As I pointed out a couple of weeks ago, it was his own Energy Bill which in fact moved the entire debate towards deregulation of prices. The only difference that separates Carter from the Texan oilmen is the speed at which this deregulation takes place. Carter is in the awkward position of denouncing a 'rip-off' when he has himself placed millions upon millions of dollars in the very pockets of the thieves.

Take again the matter of defence spending. Great were the plaudits of the liberals when Carter cancelled the B-1 bomber. Within a matter of days it became plain that the substitute for the B-1 bomber was a weapons system calculated to promote greater strategic instability – the Cruise missile. Shortly after that he endorsed production of the neutron bomb. And now his defence secretary Harold Brown has announced himself in favour of the MX missile, which will involve the excavation of 5,000 miles of underground trenches in the South West of the United States. The best you can say for the project is that it at least presents an initiative in the field of mass transit – an area of social concern presently neglected by the Administration.

In the matter of domestic social reform Carter has not done much better. Rhetoric from the White House of a balanced budget bruised the hopes of the older cities and the minorities. Now fresh talk of increased urban funding is perceived more as an exercise in opportunistic politics than as the expression of a burning desire for social justice. There is no talk of national health insurance and the proposed reforms of the welfare and social security systems are seen more as technical rather than substantive programmes. The reform of the tax system – Carter's great target during the campaign – is dwindling to quarrels about expense account lunches.

Abject though Carter's performance in many areas may have been, it is impossible not to feel compassion when one contemplates some of the obstacles he is confronting in the field of foreign policy. Currently under review by the Senate, which must approve it by a two-thirds majority, is a treaty between the United States and Panama regarding the future status of the canal. It is quite possible that, were the Senate to vote on the matter tomorrow, the treaty would not be ratified. And it is even possible that it will not be ratified next year either. With mid-term elections coming up next year many Senators simply dare not commit themselves to ratification now and many will probably not recover their nerves in the foreseeable future.

All this against a backdrop of worsening

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economic conditions, with the stock market ever falling, an enormous trade deficit, and a lag – to put it in the politest conceivable light – in economic recovery. Democratic Presidents depend on raised expectations, not – *pace* Governor Jerry Brown – lowered ones. Yet Carter is by nature prudent and conservative in his economic instincts, attributes beloved by businessmen until the less foolish among them recall that recessions tend to occur under Republicans.

The net result is a person in the White House singularly devoid of powerful friends. Carter used to talk of not being beholden to the 'special interests'; the more significant fact now is that there are not many interests who feel beholden to him. A President without friends is indeed lonely at the top – to no purpose at all.

New York

K. R. Sundar Rajan

The Resurrection of Mrs Gandhi

Addressing thousands of her supporters recently, Mrs Gandhi said she was overwhelmed by the love and affection being showered on her wherever she went and added: 'It mattters little whether I'm Prime Minister or not. In fact, I feel greatly relieved that I don't have to exercise authority. What matters to me is that the people of India love Indira. They flock to Delhi in their thousands not only to see the Red Fort, the Qutub Minar and other historical monuments but to see Indira.' This kind of narcissism, so typical of Mrs Gandhi, no longer evokes only laughter. People *are* flocking to Delhi to see her. Almost all the tourist buses stop at No 12 Willingdon Crescent and she seldom disappoints the visitors. Angry letters have appeared in newspapers suggesting that there is a conspiracy between the former Prime Minister's household and travel agencies. One Janata man told me that the agencies are collecting a bonus of five rupees for each visitor. I could understand his dismay. The truth is that his own party has helped to resurrect Mrs Gandhi.

When Mrs Gandhi was arrested on 3 October she was a picture of wretchedness. For nearly three hours she ranted and raved. At one stage she asked a policeman: 'Who do you think I am? Do you know whom you are arresting? Remember you are dealing with a person who represents the people of India!' As TV cameras focussed on her, she shouted: 'Bring the handcuffs.' On the way to the police guest house she took advantage of a traffic halt, got out of the van, climbed a culvert and harangued her supporters. As M. C. Chagla, the distinguished former chief justice of the Bombay High Court, said, the entire performance was disgraceful. She told reporters the next morning that she slept soundly on her first night in police custody. But a senior official of the Home Ministry told me that her behaviour as a prisoner was also quite unbecoming. It was a haggard and red-eyed Mrs Gandhi who appeared before the New Delhi Additional Metropolitan Magistrate that day. But in two hours she left the court triumphantly.

In its appeal to the Delhi High Court the Government has contended that the magistrate strayed beyond his jurisdiction to describe the corruption charges against Mrs Gandhi as groundless. But, as many agonised supporters of Janata are asking, why were the charges so shoddily worded? And why did not the police ask for remand? Rajiv Gandhi, Mrs Gandhi's elder son whose name has been linked in newspapers with a major Boeing payoff scandal, sneeringly said: 'I knew that mother would emerge out of this affair with added glory. Is this all the Janata government can produce against us after six months of investigation?' Home Minister Charan Singh has hinted that fresh and possibly more incriminating charges may be brought against Mrs Gandhi. But the clumsy exercise of 4 October in the magistrates' court has already done its damage. Though she was released purely on technical grounds, Mrs Gandhi is already behaving as if she had been honourably exonerated after a protracted trial in the Supreme Court. Many people believe her. One advantage of massive illiteracy is that the public can be fooled for practically all the time. As for those in the administration, police, press, industry and at other sophisticated levels who were hand in glove with Mrs Gandhi when she was in power, Janata's lack of finesse has been a big morale-booster. They are now confident that *all* the excesses of the emergency will turn out to be judicially unsustainable.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that J. C. Shah, a former chief justice of the Supreme Court who constitutes the one-man commission into Emergency misdeeds, is a most unhappy man. The commission's public hearings, which began in the capital a few weeks ago, have brought to light some sensational facts about Mrs Gandhi's administrative highhandedness. Though not very forthcoming, some former cabinet ministers said enough to confirm the impression that Mrs Gandhi and her younger son Sanjay were a law unto themselves. Shah is now said to feel that the Government's handling of Mrs Gandhi and the triumphant reprieve she has won may persuade other accomplices to the Emergency crime to keep their mouths shut. Fortunately for Janata's image, Shah has decided to carry on with his work. A man of great moral courage and shining integrity, he is now the best hope that Mrs Gandhi will be brought to book along with her collaborators.

Meanwhile, Mrs Gandhi is trying to strengthen her position both within the Congress Party and outside. Janata's costly *faux pas* has predictably unnerved senior Congress leaders – though not sufficiently for her to succeed in her coup aimed at arresting the Congress Party presidency from Mr Reddy last weekend. Despite her humiliation then, Mrs Gandhi's chief aim remains to recapture the party machine which is still in amazingly good condition. The next step will be to re-enter Parliament through a by-election and make the House a forum for her revived ambitions even while mobilising her supporters all over the country into a militant force. Several cities have already had a foretaste of .Congress-sponsored hooliganism.

Mrs Gandhi is certainly drawing big crowds everywhere. But only the most naive will mistake the turnout as political support. Many people attend her rallies out of curiosity. As one trade unionist whom I ran into outside her house put it, 'Don't you think the streets of Rome would be packed if Mussolini were to reappear?' There is a tremendous public desire to catch a glimpse of the woman who sent democracy to prison with such consummate ease, who almost built up a mediocre son into a reincarnated Jawaharlal Nehru, who could make cabinet ministers tremble in her presence, who made editors speak of '*kundalini*, the cosmic serpent-power coiled at the base of her spine', who could get away with the most brazen lies, who was so much taken in by her own infallibility as to order an election at the peak of public resentment over forced sterilisations, and who, on the morning of 4 October, laughed her way out of a court even as her captors of the Janata party were betting on how many years she would spend in prison.

Recently Mrs Gandhi regaled journalists with a Buddhist parable. A holy man is accused of making a village girl pregnant. All he says is 'Is that so?' When the child is born it is dumped at the door of his temple. He brings up the child fondly. A year later the girl identifies the real culprit. The villagers rush to the holy man and apologise. All he says is 'Is that so?' Mrs Gandhi is evidently hoping that she has become so saint-like in the eyes of her people as to qualify for a national apology in regard to the illegitimacy of her Emergency.

New Delhi

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John Griffith

Judges, Politics and Social Class

There is one matter which I ought to mention. All the judges, without exception, are members of the Athenaeum, and I presume you will wish to be a member. If so, may I have the pleasure of proposing you? There is a meeting of the Committee early next week.

Lord Cozens-Hardy, Master of the Rolls to Lord Buckmaster – as he became – the latter's appointment to the Lord Chancellorship, in a letter dated 26 May 1915, quoted by R. F. V. Heuston, *The Lives of the Lord Chancellors 1885-1940.*

The most remarkable fact about the appointment of judges is that it is wholly in the hands of politicians. High Court and Circuit judges, Recorders, stipendiary and lay magistrates are appointed by or on the advice of the Lord Chancellor who is a member of the cabinet. Appointments to the Court of Appeal, to the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords, and to the offices of Lord Chief Justice and President of the Family Division are made on the advice of the Prime Minister after consultation with the Lord Chancellor, who himself consults with senior members of the judiciary before making his choice or consulting with the Prime Minister. The Lord Chancellor has his own Department headed, since the 1880s, by a permanent secretary. The Department is the centre for the collection of information about the activity, the legal practice, and the reputation of members of the bar including those more senior, almost always Queen's Counsel (the conferment of which status is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor), from whom senior judicial appointments will be made. Inevitably the officials in the Department exercise some influence but the extent of this varies and is difficult to assess.

How far the Prime Minister uses his power of appointment or, to put this another way, how far he merely accepts the Lord Chancellor's advice on senior appointments varies with different Prime Ministers and differing circumstances. It seems to be unusual for the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor to consult other Ministers (except that the Lord Chancellor may discuss the matter with the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General) unless any such Minister happens to be also a distinguished member of the bar, as was Sir Stafford Cripps in Mr Attlee's administration from 1945. But it would be a mistake to assume that Prime Ministers are necessarily mouthpieces of the Lord Chancellors when making these appointments.

Lord Simon of Glaisdale once wrote: 'In 1951 Sir Winston [Churchill] particularly wanted [Sir Walter Monckton] in the unenviable post of Minister of Labour, and (presumably by way of compensation) undertook in writing that he should be appointed Lord Chief Justice on the next vacancy.' Such an undertaking must have been of very little value. Lord Goddard was then in only his sixth year as Lord Chief Justice, never looked like someone about to retire and indeed continued in office for three years after Sir Winston gave way as Prime Minister in 1955. But the story shows that Sir Winston had no doubt that the office was solely in his gift.

Although Prime Ministers may from time to time use words which suggest that they are not unwilling to exercise their power of appointment, in recent times there is no evidence that they have done so. The likelihood is that a modern Prime Minister would depart from the recommendations of his Lord Chancellor only in the most exceptional case.

To what extent, if at all, do the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister take into account the political allegiance of those whom they appoint or promote to judicial office? First, there is one special case. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General (the law officers of the Crown) are Ministers, not in the cabinet, appointed by the Prime Minister from the ranks of Members of the House of Commons who are barristers. It is often said that by tradition they have a right to judicial appointment when vacancies occur and that this is particularly true of appointment to the office of Lord Chief Justice. In a famous essay, H. J. Laski recorded that between 1832 and 1906, out of 139 judges appointed, 80 were Members of the House of Commons at the time of their nominations and 11 others had been candidates for Parliament; that, of the 80, 63 were appointed by their own party while in office; and 33 of them had been either Attorney-General or Solicitor-General*. Laski suggested that it was 'probably undesirable' for law officers to be suddenly made judges and so required to act impartially. Laski treads very daintily here:

> It is not necessary to suggest that there will be conscious unfairness; but it is, I submit, possible that such judges will, particularly in cases where the liberty of the subject is concerned, find themselves unconsciously biased through over-appreciation of executive difficulty . . . Nothing is more disastrous than that any suspicion of the complete impartiality of the judges should be possible.

In 1937 a Member of Parliament said in the House of Commons that every government took it for granted that the law officers had the right to 'certain high positions in the state regardless whether they happen to be the most suitable persons' and he instanced the offices of Master of the Rolls and Lord Chancellor. But a Government spokesman denied this, saying that the law officers had never put forward such a proposition and that there was 'no foundation' for it.

The tradition is certainly weaker today but by no means dead. In 1962, the Solicitor-General was appointed to the presidency of what was then the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court. And Attorneys-General, then or previously in that office, may be strong candidates for appointment as Lord Chancellor though the political nature of that office distinguishes it from appointments to purely judicial office. It is perhaps significant that none of the last three Lord Chief Justices – Lords Goddard, Parker and Widgery – had been law officers. It may be that, today, law officers have greater expectations of political promotion and prefer to pursue that ambition. Nevertheless if they wished to become judges and vacancies occurred appropriately, it must be supposed they would always be strong candidates.

The wider question, also raised by Laski's figures, is the extent to which an active political life, and particularly membership of the House of Commons, is regarded by the Lord Chancellor as a positive qualification for appointment to a judgeship. Practice has differed over the years.

Lord Halsbury was Lord Chancellor for far longer than any other during the last 100 years. He had three periods in that office which he held, in all, for over 17 years between 1885 and 1905. His judicial appointments were much criticised on the ground in effect that 'Halsbury appointed to the High Court, and to a lesser extent to the county court, men of little or no legal learning whose previous career in public life had been largely in the service of the Conservative Party or else were relations of his own'. Professor Heuston has examined such criticisms. Of the 30 judges appointed by Halsbury to the High Court, eight were MPs at the date of their appointment and of these six were Conservatives. Five others had been unsuccessful parliamentary candidates, three of them being Conservatives. One other had been a Conservative MP nearly 20 years before. So 14 out of the 30 appointments were, in those senses, of politicians – and ten were Conservatives. Heuston concludes that of Halsbury's 30 appointments to the High Court, four or five were men of real distinction, 18 or 19 were men of competent professional attainments, leaving no more than seven 'whose appointments seem dubious'. Four of these seven were Conservative MPs at the date of their appointment, one had been a Conservative MP, and another had twice been

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*H. J. Laski *Studies in Law and Politics* pp. 164-80.

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an unsuccessful Conservative candidate. We may say, therefore (this is my conclusion not Heuston's), that of the ten Conservative politicians whom Halsbury appointed, six were bad appointments. Every Lord Chancellor, especially if he holds office as long as did Halsbury, will make some mistakes (and Heuston suggests that as many as three of the six were 'unlucky' appointments) but Halsbury's experience may suggest that the proportion of bad appointments is likely to be statistically higher amongst appointments made from the Lord Chancellor's political associates.

Certainly at that time it was accepted that a political career was likely to be an advantage for a barrister aspiring to a judgeship, though it was important that his seat should be safe, as no government would wish to run the possibility of diminishing its strength in the House. Heuston tell us how Lord Halsbury when he was a parliamentary candidate was congratulated by Sir Edward Clarke on his election defeat by nine votes in 1874. Clarke explained that if Halsbury had won by such a majority he could not have expected elevation to a judgeship. But as it was, he could expect to be made Solicitor-General and found a safe seat. This is indeed what happened although he held the office for over a year until the seat was found for him in 1877. (During the interval he was in fact offered a judgeship, which he declined, but it was made clear that the Government could not long countenance a Solicitor-General without a seat in the House of Commons.)

Less Harm as a Judge

In August 1895, arising out of argument about the fees payable to the law officers, Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister, promised Sir Edward Clarke that he would be appointed Attorney-General if a vacancy occurred within two years. In 1897, a new Master of the Rolls had to be appointed. If the Attorney-General (Sir Richard Webster) took the post, Clarke would have to be appointed Attorney-General. Lord Salisbury, who had a poor opinion of Clarke's abilities (as had Halsbury) wrote in much perplexity to the Lord Chancellor but saying that the Rolls should be offered to Clarke 'on party grounds' because he would do less harm as a judge than as Attorney-General. Salisbury continued:

> There remains the third course, to throw Clarke over altogether and tell him that the highest point of his career has been reached. I confess that the more I consider this alternative, the more I dislike it. It is at variance with the unwritten law of our party system; and there is no clearer statute in that, unwritten law than the rule that party claims should always weigh very heavily in the disposal of the highest legal appointments . . . It would be a breach of the tacit convention on which politicians and lawyers have worked the British Constitution together for the last 200 years. Perhaps it is not an ideal system – some day no doubt the MR will be appointed by competitive examination in Law Reports, but it is our system for the present; and we should give our party arrangements a wrench if we throw it aside.

Lord Salisbury did offer the Rolls to Clarke who declined it on the ground that it would put an end to his political career, though he added that he would accept being a Law Lord. But that offer did not come.*

The change in the attitude to the appointment of barrister-politicians as judges is said to date from Lord Haldane's Chancellorship (1912-15) when legal and professional qualifications became the criteria, though at first the change was not extended to the most senior appointments. Lord Haldane himself expressed his 'strong conviction that, at all events for a judge who is to sit in the Supreme Tribunals of the Empire, a House of Commons training is a real advantage. One learns there the nuances of the Constitution, and phases of individual and social political life which are invaluable in checking the danger of abstractedness in mental outlook.'

Personal Characteristics

But a little later Lord Sankey, who was Lord Chancellor from 1929 to 1935, when resignations occurred, replaced five Law Lords who had had political backgrounds by others whose reputations rested on their professionalism as lawyers.

In recent years Lord Chancellors have differed in their opinions about the value of judges having had experience as politicians. During the 1950s, being an MP came once again to be regarded as a qualification for appointment to a judgeship. In 1964, Lord Gardiner, who shortly afterwards became Lord Chancellor himself, said that since 1951 'one or two' Lord Chancellors (there had been only three) 'felt that the standard of members of the bar going into the House of Commons has fallen noticeably since the war, and if you want the right men in the House of Commons then you must reward the man who votes the right way with a judgeship'. Lord Gardiner himself thought that political views ought not to affect judicial appointments at all, and he pursued this policy during his period of office as Lord Chancellor (1964-70).

Today, being an active member of a political party seems to be neither a qualification nor a disqualification for appointment. It must be remembered that Lord Chancellors in making their appointments to the High Court have a relatively small group to select from. Effectively, the group consists of experienced barristers between the ages of 45 and 60 and the number of genuine possibilities – the short list – may be as small as half a dozen.

Personal characteristics must be taken into account. A man or woman whose social or personal habits are unconventional or uncertain is not likely to be risked. On the other hand, it is obvious from the appointments made that the strength of a candidate's convictions, including his political opinions, is not considered a disadvantage. But those opinions should fall within the ordinary range represented in the House of Commons.

From time to time in recent years, analyses have been made, based on information in reference books, of the social background of the more senior judiciary. The most comprehensive in terms simply of social class origins† covers the period from 1820-1968.

Over the whole period the dominance of the upper and upper middle classes is overwhelming. They account for 74.5 per cent to which may be added, proportionately, 10 per cent from those 'not known'. Moreover the total percentage of these first three groups in the most recent period is 76.8, which is higher than the overall percentage. Over the whole period covered by this analysis the dominance of the first three classes is unchanged.

Another survey, published in 1975, covers the period 1876-1972 and, with a few omissions, analyses the 317 judges who sat in the High Court, the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords during that period. The author does not, however, break down these 96 years into shorter periods so trends within the whole are not apparent. He considers school background and finds that 33 per cent attended one of the nine most famous public schools while 70 per cent went to Oxford or Cambridge.‡

School education is a good indicator of social and economic class background, particularly as the relative cost of attendance at one of the independent 'public' schools has changed little, until very recently. It must also be remembered that university education at Oxford and Cambridge before 1945 (when those who are now judges attended) was also very largely a middle-class activity, within the first three groups of the table set out below.

Period of Appointment	1820-1875	1876-1920	1921-1950	1951-1968	1820-1968	Number
Social class	%	%	%	%	%	
i Traditional landed upper class	17.9	16.4	15.4	10.5	15.3	59
ii Professional, commercial and administrative upper class	8.5	14.6	14.3	14.0	12.7	49
iii Upper middle class	40.6	50.5	47.3	52.3	47.4	183
iv Lower middle class	11.3	9.7	8.8	8.1	9.6	37
v Working class	2.8	1.0	1.1	1.2	1.3	6
Not known	18.9	7.8	13.2	14.0	13.5	52
	100	100	100	100	100	
Number	106	103	91	86	386	386

In 1956 the *Economist* published a short survey. This covered 69 judges of the Supreme Court, House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and showed that 76 per cent had attended 'major public schools' (not further defined) and the same percentage had been to Oxford or Cambridge. In May 1970 *New Society* looked at 359 judges including those offices surveyed by the *Economist* but also, amongst others, county court judgeships and metropolitan magistrates. This found that 81 per cent had attended public schools and 76 per cent had attended Oxford or Cambridge. In 1969, Henry Cecil investigated the background of 117 out of 235 judges of the House of Lords, the Supreme Court, county courts and stipendiary magistrates. From a random group of 36 judges of the Court of Appeal and the High Court, he found that 31 had been to public schools (86 per cent) and 33 to Oxford

*Heuston *op cit.*

†From an unpublished M. Phil. dissertation by Jenny Brock, quoted in *The Judiciary*, the report of a Justice Sub-committee (1972).

‡C. Neal Tate: 'Paths to the Bench in Britain', Western Political Quarterly p. 108.

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or Cambridge (92 per cent). From a random group of 45 (out of 90) county court judges and 24 (out of 48) stipendiaries, he found that 52 had attended public schools (75 per cent) and 56 Oxford or Cambridge (81 per cent). In 1975 Hugo Young of the *Sunday Times* analysed the educational background of 31 appointees to the High Court during the previous five years. He found that 68 per cent went to public school and 74 per cent to Oxford or Cambridge.

These figures have changed very little over the last 30 or more years. In 1940 about 80 per cent of the judges of the Supreme Court had attended public school. In 1969, this was true of 79 per cent of Henry Cecil's group of 117. A higher proportion of the earlier generation did not attend university at all – eight out of 35 in 1940 but only eight out of 135 in 1970. Of those who did attend, the bias in favour of Oxford or Cambridge has remained effectively unchanged.* The *New Society* survey compared county court judges in three recent years. In 1947, in 1957 and in 1967, seven county court judges were appointed. Of these 21 judges, all but one in 1947, two in 1957 and one in 1967 had attended public schools; all but three in 1947, two in 1957 and three in 1967 had attended Oxford or Cambridge.

The decline in the number of 'political' judges is also shown. The *Economist*'s survey of 1956 recorded that 23 per cent of their 69 judges had been MPs or parliamentary candidates. But 14 years later, Henry Cecil could find only ten MPs and five candidates out of his 117 judges (13 per cent).

The age of the full-time judiciary has remained constant over many years: the average on appointment has been about 52 or 53 and the average age of all those in office has been about 60. Inevitably, given the system of promotion, the average age is highest in the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords, at about 65 and 68 years respectively.

Since 1876 there have been 63 Lords of Appeal in Ordinary (Law Lords). An analysis of 49 of these showed that 18 had fathers who were lawyers, 16 had fathers of other professions (churchmen, doctors, teachers, architects, soldiers). Twelve fathers were in business (of whom one was working-class), and three fathers were farmers or land-owners. Forty-six Law Lords had been to Oxford or Cambridge.†

All these figures show that, in broad terms, four out of five full-time professional judges are products of public schools, and of Oxford or Cambridge. Very occasionally the brilliant lower-middle-class boy has won his place in this distinguished gathering. With very few exceptions, judges are required to be selected from amongst practising barristers and until recently no one without a private income could survive the first years of practice. To become a successful barrister therefore it was necessary to have financial support and so the background had to be that of the reasonably well-to-do family which, as a matter of course, sent its sons to public schools and then either straight to the bar or first to Oxford or Cambridge. In the last three years, the need for a private income during the first years has to an increasing extent returned.

Nevertheless, some men and women have, since the middle 1960s, benefited from the expansion of university education, from the growth of law faculties in universities, and from the wider availability of this education and, with little private income, have been able (largely because of the increase in publicly financed legal aid) to make a living at the bar. By the mid-1980s some of these will move into the ranks of successful barristers from whom judicial appointments are made. Only then shall we be able to assess how far the dominance of the public schools and (what is of much less significance) of Oxford and Cambridge has begun to lessen. And not until the 1990s shall we know whether (as seems most unlikely) judicial attitudes have changed as a result.

Not yet however can the view of Lord Justice Lawton be accepted. Delivering the Riddell Lecture in 1975 he said it was a common misconception that the judiciary were drawn from the moneyed classes and educated at leading public schools and at Oxford or Cambridge. In his view judges were 'drawn from all ranks of society' and were 'a microcosm of Britain today'.

Judicial independence means that judges are not dependent on governments in any ways which might influence them in coming to decisions in individual cases. Formally, this independence is preserved by their not being dismissible by the government of the

The English Judge (2nd edn. 1972)

†L. Blom-Cooper and G. Drewry *Final Appeal*

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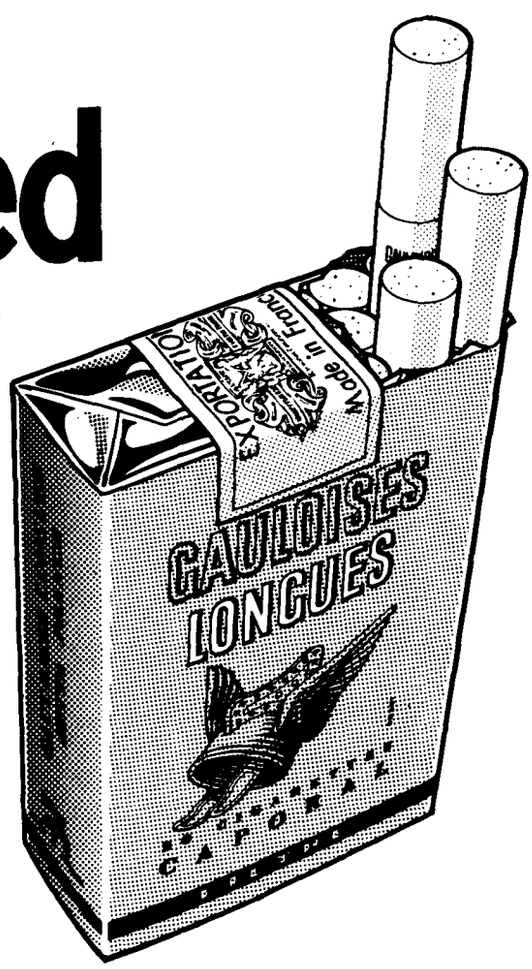

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day. This does not affect their promotion, which, like their appointment, is effectively in the hands of the Lord Chancellor with, nowadays, little or no Prime Ministerial intervention. In financial terms, such promotion is not of much significance. But life in the Court of Appeal and, even more, in the House of Lords is not so strenuous as in the High Court (or below), personal prestige and status are higher among the fewer, with a life peerage at the top. These are not inconsiderable rewards for promotion, and the question is whether there are pressures on, particularly, High Court judges to act and to speak in court in certain ways rather than in others. Are there decisions which could be classified as popular or unpopular in the eyes of the most important senior judges or the Lord Chancellor? Is a judge ever conscious that his reputation is likely to be adversely affected if he decides one way, and favourably affected if he decides another way?

The answer is that such pressures do exist. For example, a judge who acquires a reputation among his seniors for being 'soft' in certain types of cases where the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls and other senior judges favour a hard line is likely to damage his promotion prospects as he would if his appointment were found to be unfortunate on other more obvious grounds. But this does not amount to dependence on the political wishes of governments or Ministers as such. In no real sense does such direct dependence or influence exist. How far judges consciously or unconsciously subserve the wider interests of governments is another and more important question.

What is meant by saying that judges must be impartial and seen to be so? Judges themselves claim this as their great virtue and only occasionally is it seen to be departed from. Lord Haldane was a practising barrister in 1901 when he recorded:

> I fought my hardest for the Dutch prisoners before the Privy Council this morning, but the tribunal was hopelessly divided, and the anti-Boers prevailed over the pro-Boers. It is bad that so much bias should be shewn, but it is, I suppose, inevitable.

D. N. Pritt in his autobiography told of his many political cases and of one which 'came before a judge of great experience and knowledge, so bitterly opposed to anything left-wing that he could scarcely have given a fair trial if he had tried.'

Are such phrases applicable today? Every practising barrister knows before which judges he would prefer not to appear in a political case because he believes, and his colleagues at the bar believe, that certain judges are much more likely than others to be biased against certain groups, like demonstrators or students, or certain kinds of action, like occupations of property by trade unionists or the homeless.

This however is to say little more than that judges are human with human prejudices. And that some are more human than others. But if that were all we would expect to find a wide spectrum of judicial opinion about political cases. Instead, we find a remarkable consistency of approach in these cases concentrated in a fairly narrow part of the spectrum of political opinion. It spread from that part of the centre which is shared by right-wing Labour, Liberal and 'progressive' Conservative opinion of that part of the Right which is associated with traditional Toryism – but not beyond into the reaches of the far Right.

Mary Holland

Death of an Officer and a Gentleman

The Special Criminal Court in Dublin is housed in a small, pillared building set in a warren of grey streets adjoining the city's fruit market, to the north of the river Liffey. It was set up to deal with the problem of trying members of the Provisional IRA and other 'subversive organisations', as they are known here. Cases that come before it are heard by three judges. There is no jury for the simple reason that Irish juries have always been extremely reluctant to convict IRA men, particularly if they come from the North and have been involved in activities against the British Army.

For the past two weeks the tiny courtroom has been packed, mainly with English journalists and extremely large Irish detectives who sit squashed beside and around each other in two small pews. We have all been there to hear what may be the true story of the strange death of an English officer and gentleman. The body of Captain Robert Nairac – Ampleforth, Oxford University, and the Grenadier Guards – has never been recovered since he disappeared in May this year somewhere close to the Irish border. He was last seen at 9.25 p.m. on 14 May by a fellow army officer, Captain David Collett, leaving his base in South Armagh, wearing civilian clothes, a gun with a specially modified safety catch and a shoulder holster designed not to show under a jacket. He was driving a red Triumph Dolomite car with a Northern Ireland registration number and a two-way radio, which he used to check back with base at 9.58 p.m.

The next day his blood-stained car was found outside a pub, 'The Three Step' at Drumintee, three miles from the border on the Northern side. He is said to have spent the evening drinking in the pub and to have been taken from there by a group of men soon after midnight.

Three days later the Irish police were called to a bridge over the river Flurry just south of the border in County Louth. There they found evidence of a struggle and a lot of blood. No one can say for certain whether the blood is Captain Nairac's. The British army either does not know his blood group or is not telling. The army, in fact, is rather noticeably telling very little about the young officer or what he was doing on the night of 14 May in South Armagh. However, the Irish state prosecutor is satisfied that he will be able to establish that the English Captain, as he is constantly referred to in court, was shot.

The case is fraught with such problems, of which the lack of a body is merely the most striking. The accused, 24-year-old Liam Townson, an unemployed joiner from the Northern Irish county of South Armagh, is only one of six men charged with the murder of Captain Nairac. The other five are currently awaiting trial in the North. Townson is being tried under legislation which is one of the last surviving legacies of the Sunningdale conference and provides for crimes committed on one side of the border to be prosecuted on the other. But the problems of purveying and using evidence acquired in one part of Ireland in the other are proving considerable. To take one example, the defence lawyer has already been denied access to statements taken by police in the North which he maintains are essential to his case.

The trial in Dublin is already characterised by all those emotive overtones which formed the main argument for setting up a 'no jury' court in the first place. There is the question of what the 'English Captain' was doing when he went drinking in Republican areas, allegations that the accused was threatened by the Irish police that he would be handed over to the SAS in the North if he did not cooperate, and suggestions that the statements he did make were only given under duress.

Through all this, though, a story has begun to emerge of the last hours of Captain Robert Nairac which have all the ingredients of a Graham Greene novel. The 29-year-old officer came from one of the old English Catholic families. We were told that the last request he made to the young Irish Catholic who shot him was for a priest. Later, in gaol, Townson was to ask the police not once but twice for a priest so *he* could make 'a proper confession'.

There is, too, the question mark over Captain Nairac's activities in South Armagh and how well equipped he was professionally to deal with the tough rural guerrillas who make up the Provisional IRA in these border areas. He seems to have behaved with a bravado which some might think bordered on recklessness when he went wandering around the pubs of South Armagh, dressed like a casual young tourist and, according to local reports, joining with a will and a strong Belfast accent in the singing of Republican ballads. We heard in court that he faced death with remarkable courage. But he may have been tragically ill-briefed about what exactly he was up against. He is said to have told the IRA men who took him from the Three Step Inn in Drumintee that he was a 'Sticky' – a member of the rival Official IRA – not the best of alibis even if he had been able to substantiate it to the Provos' satisfaction, which he was not.

A professional thriller writer would also appreciate the insights into the uneasy triangular relationships between the local police in the border town of Dundalk, the

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IRA and what the defence lawyer dubs 'the super-interrogators' from police HQ in Dublin. Several local police witnesses, great thickset men with country accents, have talked about Townson's family – his father is a public health inspector and his mother a nurse. One local policeman told the court he believed that Mr Townson was a very nice young man who had just got caught up in this situation, a tribute which visibly took his defending counsel a bit aback.

It is tempting to pass the same judgment on Captain Robert Nairac, but we just don't know. This trial may clear up a little of the mystery surrounding his death. There are still a lot of questions to be asked about 'the English Captain's' life and no sign that those who know want to give any answers.

Jake Podorelski

Falling from the Apex

Most regular television viewers must know the wardrobe of Jack Dromey, the secretary of the Brent trades council, better than thier own by now, especially his habitual black leather jacket. Of late it appears to have faded almost as much as the confidence in his voice. Only the strikers, tunnel, to which he frequently refers, is looking as black as ever. If the June mass picket was the result of triumphant unity between APEX, the strikers' union and Brent trades council, their most effective supporter, Monday's day of action was its exact mirror image.

Roy Grantham, the general secretary of APEX, had told the strikers that the pressure of public opinion, informed by the Scarman Report through the national media, would force Ward to reinstate the strikers. More recently he suggested that if Ward lost his case against ACAS in the House of Lords and was forced to concede union recognition, he would throw in his hand and take back the strikers. The strike leaders prefer to take Ward at his face value and think Grantham's strategy will not work. Moreover, the strike chairman Kamlesh Gandhi sees his members as fighting for perhaps a million other workers who would join unions but for fear of the sack. Their belief is that, though Ward's determination and long purse have enabled him to defy ordinary blacking, a shut-off of water, electricity or mail would either bring him to heel or so cripple his firm that no other employer would be tempted to imitate him.

The strike committee had called Monday's picket on 28 September, a day on which the strikers were given some hope by a TUC general council statement after a month and a half of frustrating inaction. It read that the lawsuit 'recognised that both legal and practical difficulties are involved in preventing the provision of basic services; but decided to recommend the executives of the unions concerned to apply such sanctions as are open to them with the full backing of the general council'. Jack Dromey was convinced that this was the closest the general council would come to making a clear call for a service blacking. Monday's mass picket was designed to be part of 11th-hour pressure to win official support for such a cessation of services. Dromey said that if a service cut-off did come through, the mass picket would be an occasion for celebrating not demonstrating, and the picket would be only for one day. The whole tactic hung on whether trade union leaders would be more unnerved by the prospect of public hostility to prolonged mass picketings than they would by the reaction to an illegal stopping of services. Jayaben Desai, the strike treasurer, was optimistic. 'We were down, now we are getting up.'

Though the new mass picket was thus called largely as a means of putting pressure on the unions, it was also seen as a way of giving the strikers a feeling of purpose and control. Some were looking for jobs, others had left the strike. There are now 70 claiming strike pay, though Mrs Desai says that 91 still want reinstatement at Grunwick. They had been stood down since 29 July, their Black Friday, when the Cricklewood postmen went back to work, the Court of Appeal supported Grunwick against ACAS, and Grantham persuaded them to abandon their call for a mass picket on 8 August. Strikers say that Grantham told them that their strike pay would be cut if they did not drop their call. Grantham has denied that strike pay was mentioned at that meeting. 'I pointed out the realities of the situation,' he said.

They then hoped that the TUC conference would make it TUC policy to back a cut-off of services. The strikers could not speak at the conference, as they were already represented by their union, APEX, which offered the conference an emergency resolution making no mention of a cut-off. They lobbied the conference in the hope of persuading some other union to offer a stiffer amendment. It was pointless, TUC rules do not allow for the amendment of emergency resolutions at conference. The resolution which conference passed in default of any other called upon unions: 'to continue and intensify their financial and practical aid to those in dispute *in direct consultation with APEX*'. [My italics.]

The strikers have seen the breadth of their appeal chipped away. They can no longer hold low pay as a grievance against Grunwick: rises have meant that wages are no longer, as Scarman found they had been, 'at the lower end of rates of pay found in the by no means highly paid industry of photo-finishing'. They can no longer work through the Labour Establishment: Monday's turnout of 4-5,000 was substantial, but it remains to be seen on future days of action whether the strikers will be able to match eventually the 18,000 who arrived on 11 July in answer to an official call from the TUC. Even at their most optimistic, the strikers can hardly see a handful of support committees, the left groups and the Yorkshire miners as an adequate power base from which to defeat Ward and the forces that support him. Even within the community in Brent the strikers can no longer use their firmest allies, the Cricklewood postmen. Grunwick mail is now reported to go out through the Willesden, Wembley and Harrow offices; and none of these has union branches with such solid links with Brent trades council as the Cricklewood branch.

The strikers feel that only they are prepared to press for service blacking, which they see as the only real way to win. It is not hard to imagine what would happen if they got it. The National Association for Freedom, on whose council George Ward sits, would be more than ready for a gory tussle in the courts with the workers involved. When post to the NW2 area was halted because the Cricklewood sorters were locked out. NAFF wanted so see the Post Office taken to court for its failure to use any means to get the mail through. John Gorst, Norris McWhirter and John Gouriet appeared at a meeting of a newly formed local post-users group to offer full financial and legal help should the group want to follow the path they suggested. (The group's chairman felt that a confrontation would spread the stoppage, not end it, and the offer was declined. In due course the UPW got the men back, with less flamboyant means of persuasion.)

The Labour Establishment sees a confrontation between the courts and the unions or the police and the unions as an electoral albatross. If a management victory at Grunwick knocks the Employment Protection Act to pieces it can be patched up in Parliament. If a victory for the Grunwick strikers meant a Tory victory at the polls, that would be a far greater threat to Labour's industrial legislation. If NAFF is not afraid of confrontation, its targets in the Labour Establishment are.

Roger Woddis

Chaplainesque

'My Christian ideals are that I am proud to be white and British.' – The Rev. Terence Spong.

When lambs were fierce and angels swore
  And doves were heard to grunt,
Some moment when I saw the light
  I joined the National Front.

With muddled head and fuddled faith
  And heart all broken strings,
I found at last that inner peace
  That only hatred brings.

I kneel before the crooked cross
  That bears my Saviour still,
And hail in His defeat of death
  The triumph of the will.

When fond illusions fall away
  And ragged myths retreat,
There is a scapegoat for our sins,
  And marching in the street.

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Anthony Mockler

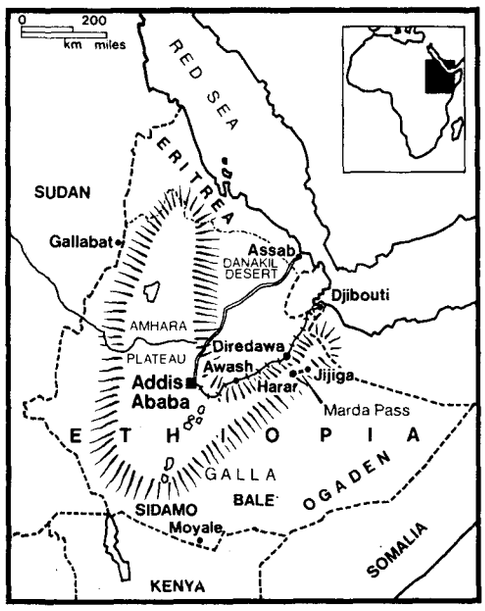
The Battle for Harar

It may seem distinctly premature to talk of peace in the Horn when the Somalis and the Ethiopians are girding their loins for what will almost certainly be the greatest battle in the Ogaden war, the battle for Harar. Indeed 'the Ogaden war' is now a misnomer; for, with the recent fall of Jijiga on the innermost edge of the Ogaden, the invaders have for the first time left the desert and entered the highlands. From all reports it seems that the Ethiopian Third Division crumbled and abandoned the crucial Marda Pass above Jijiga, but that the triumphant Somalis were held off by the Ethiopian air force. Meanwhile the Third Division, reinforced by levies from Addis Ababa, has now reformed and is ready to take up the fight again. And this time the prize is not the water-holes and little settlements of the vast scrubland of the Ogaden, inhabited almost exclusively by wild animals and Somali nomads, but the historic white-walled city of Harar, once the greatest trading centre in the Horn.

For centuries the history of this part of Africa has been dominated by the struggle between the Christian highlanders of the central Empire, the Amhara, and successive waves of Moslem invaders. A hundred years ago the threat came from the West, from the dervishes of the Sudan. At the battle of Gallabat, with 120,000 dead the most ferocious bloodbath of the time, the Emperor Johannes drove off the followers of the Khalifa – though as compensation they carried his head back with them to Khartoum. Then it was the turn of the Amhara to expand: the Emperor Menelik founded a new capital at Addis Ababa and conquered vast tracts of Galla territory to the south. At the same time, moving west, he and his cousin Ras Mekonnen, father of the future Haile Selassie, overthrew the independent Amir of Harar – and proceeded to divide the low-lying Somali lands with the other imperial powers of the day, the French, the Italians and the British. Perhaps the reason why the war is being conducted with such viciousness is the feeling the Somalis have, now the balance is swinging once again, that all the other imperialists went gracefully – but the Ethiopians, inevitably, remained.

Five years ago, when I was taken round the Ogaden, there was certainly no doubt that the Amhara were the masters. But there were very few of them – soldiers, administrators, the odd priest and hotel-keeper. And, though they made no effort to speak the 'native' language and lived a very separate life in their own detached settlements and posts, there seemed to be no hostility between them and the nomads. I remember being particularly impressed by the way in which each Ethiopian soldier paid for tea with a small silver coin whenever we stopped at a nomad encampment. Back in Jijiga, a sweltering, dirty little market town full of khat-chewing Somalis and cud-chewing camels, I asked my self-appointed local mentor what he really thought of the Ethiopians. He did not reply directly. All he said – and he said it thereafter every other minute with the self-satisfaction of one who states an incontrovertible fact – was: 'Somali people – very fine people.' And certainly they are an impressive race, tall, beautiful, vain, nervy, egalitarian, quarrelsome. But he had no criticism – not even by gesture or look – to offer of the Amhara, or of the Emperor. Yet now the corpses of Ethiopian soldiers are lying unburied around Jijiga, and the victorious Somalis are openly boasting they have left them for the vultures. Clearly it was wrong to underestimate the age-old hostility that underlay that apparent modus vivendi.

As the Somalis have advanced, the territorial claims of the Western Somali Liberation Front have, not surprisingly, increased.



The Front now aims at the 'liberation' not only of the Ogaden but also of vast regions of the south-west provinces of Bale and Sidamo. The line they now draw goes from Moyale on the Kenyan border straight up to the Awash on the Addis-Ababa – Djibouti railway, and then diagonally across the Danakil desert. This is about one third of the total area of Ethiopia. It includes Hara. It takes in Diredawa and most of the railway. It would bring Somali forces up within a mere hundred miles of Addis Ababa and within striking distance of Ethiopia's last outlet to the sea, the Assab road. It seems inevitable that if the area claimed is liberated, sooner or later these vast territories and also the now independent but Somali-dominated Republic of Djibouti will be absorbed into the Somali Republic of the astute President Siad Barre.

No one can expect the Ethiopians to accept what for them would be not merely a threat but a monstrosity. Marxist or royalist, military or civilian, the rulers of Ethiopia would wage war perpetually; they would never give up the struggle to reconquer the lost territories. And they would have many arguments on their side: for such a 'liberation' would only too often replace Amhara imperialism by Somali imperialism. The tribes of the remote provinces down by Kenya are ethnically mixed but more Borana and Galla than Somali. The Hararis, a settled, Arabicised people, have their own identity. Up and down the railway, though, in recent years the Somali clans have been pushing into the traditional territory of the Danakil, and the population is as fluctuating as it is mixed. And Diredawa itself, on the northern side of the Harar highlands, the half-way point between Addis and Djibouti, is a cosmopolitan hotch-potch of French creation, an artificial railway settlement.

If the Somalis win the forthcoming battle – as given their élan seems likely – Harar will fall, and Diredawa below it will inevitably be taken too. Probably the Somalis will then advance rapidly along the railway line to the Awash; and may even be tempted to preempt a counter-attack by threatening Addis Ababa itself. In the remote south-east they may easily manage to drive out the Ethiopian police and garrison posts.

It is at this point that President Siad Barre will, if he is wise, intervene and restrain the Somali expansionists. If the Somalis then – and before the inevitable Ethiopian reaction – offer generous concessions, a peace settlement may be achieved. They would need to show an extraordinary degree of statemanship: they would need to offer to restore to Ethiopia Harar and Diredawa and the territory surrounding the railway line, and in the south-west all those lands, highlands, and forests above the scrub desert inhabited by ethnic Somalis. In other words, in order to get the Ethiopians to accept the loss of the Ogaden, they would need to restore the more populated and richer parts of the territory they will have conquered. If they can bring themselves to do so, then the Ethiopians may accept an adjustment of frontiers that will, even so, remove a good fifth of their land surface and bring the Somalis right to the foot of their highlands.

But what if the Ethiopians win the battle for Harar? Will they then go on to retake Jijiga and launch themselves into a really bloody and punitive reconquest for the Ogaden? It is more than possible that they will try, for their traditional military pride is involved. But with the fighting in Eritrea and the revolts in the north, even the most ferocious of the Ethiopian leaders must pause and consider that a peace settlement in the east is desirable; and the Ogaden itself, though vast, is of no real value to anyone but the Somali nomads who live there.

In many ways Jijiga is already a frontier town – ethnically, climatically, commercially. And at this very moment it is also a frontier town militarily. If logic prevails, it should also become a frontier town politically – the border either of an independent buffer state of the Ogaden, or of an expanded Somalia. The tragedy is that logic will probably *not* prevail until a major battle has been fought. If then.

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London Diary

☐ After studying *The Times*'s report of Lord Carrington's speech on Rhodesia at the Tory conference (a laudably extensive report, I need hardly say) I still don't know what Tory policy is. All right, don't tell me – that was the idea. But what Tory representatives think is pretty clear. Mr Christopher Murphy said (*Times* report): 'It was not only Rhodesia that was under attack. That was part of the siege of the Western world.' Mrs P. Wildmore said 'that when one considered the situation in some of the African countries running their own show, could Mr Smith be blamed for asking for a little more time?' These were the mover and seconder of the resolution selected by the conference managers. Then followed the furious shouting-down of the Tory student speaker who dared to attack Smith and suggest that Africans had cause to resent being ruled by 'a tiny alien clique'. This Mr Bickham was clearly a real Tory, not some kind of infiltrator, and his main point was that the Smith regime is illegal and 'in rebellion against the British Crown'. I have an idea for dishing the Tories. Now that the Queen has made a speech against the Scottish Nationalists, and another speech against the Parti Québecquois, couldn't she make a speech putting the kibosh on Smith?

☐ I was told the other day about a young Rhodesian who decided to fly to Britain with a passport issued by the Smith regime, which officially is no passport at all. When he landed at Heathrow he was put into the detention centre, but after a few days he was given permission to stay in this country for a year. It's foreseeable that he will find a job, stay here for ever, and acquire British citizenship after notching up enough residence. I find myself in two minds about this. On the one hand, it compounds the injustice to people with black or brown skins who are booted out of Britain if they arrive without the correct documents and previous permission to enter. On the other hand, it makes sense to encourage men of military age to leave Rhodesia. And I do believe that anyone should be allowed to live anywhere.

☐ I was more depressed than irritated – though irritated too – by Roy Fuller's *Encounter* article giving the reasons for his resignation from the chairmanship of the Arts Council's Literature panel. He complains a great deal about subsidies, mostly on a tiny scale – for instance, £3,000 for the magazine called *Ambit*. One could imagine a more tactfully chosen forum for such complaints than *Encounter*, which has been rather notoriously subsidised throughout its life. Fuller, indeed, answers himself when he says: 'If tomorrow there started up a magazine of the calibre of *New Verse* or *Scrutiny* it would get no more subscibers than those magazines had in the 1930s.' Which means, given the immensely greater costs of printing and distribution, that it wouldn't survive unsubsidised. Although the tone of Fuller's article is pessimistic, the flaw within it is an unjustified optimism. 'Quite a lot of money,' he writes, 'is now available for the arts and any government would find it politically difficult to cut it.' I wish I thought that. I can see a Thatcher government, and perhaps a Callaghan government, slashing the Arts Council's money without the slightest fear of revolts in the Commons, mass demonstrations, or strikes in the factories.

☐ Meanwhile, I can't go along with the carping criticism of Melvyn Bragg as Fuller's successor. Three points need making. One: whether Bragg is a 'minor novelist', as Geoffrey Grigson says, is a matter of opinion. For my taste, he is a more considerable writer than the clumsy, turgid David Storey, for whom the epigram: 'deep down he's shallow' might have been coined. Two: it is demonstrably false to say that Bragg would be unknown without his TV appearances. For better or for worse, far more people have read *The Silken Net* – and had read it before he got on the box – than have read Fuller's poetry. Three: this chairmanship is a job calling for judgment of other writers, and the qualities it demands are more or less those of a literary editor, so it might well be filled by a good critic who wasn't a creative writer at all. Having said all this – and also said, for the benefit of the suspicious, that Bragg isn't a personal friend of mine – let me give him a word of warning. Talent is easily eroded in the world of TV razzmatazz and Arts Council committee work. If Bragg goes on like this, it won't be long before he is incapable of writing a book like *The Silken Net* again.

☐ You would need a rooted belief in infallibility to respect the Pope's offer to take the place of the hijacked air travellers. Unless he's entirely gaga, he must have known that he ran no risk of its being accepted. Suppose that this offer had been made by a politician, a pop star or a Californian swami: it would have been denounced everywhere as a cheap, tasteless, clowning grab for publicity. The most charitable conclusion is that the Vatican needs a new PR agency.

☐ The editor of the NS is just off to Egypt, and I hope to see him travelling in the right direction. I say this because a journey from Cairo to Luxor is so often described as going down the Nile, in defiance of correct usage: down a river is toward the mouth, toward the source (or in this case sources) is up. I notice that even the meticulous, and in the opinion of our reviewer pedantic, John Fowles makes this error in his new novel. It comes from looking at the map and going down the page, but that's no excuse. More open to argument is 'up to London'. I was brought up – if I wasn't brought down – to believe that all journeys to the metropolis were up, whatever the compass direction; there used to be up trains and down trains. But I find many people speaking of going down to London from Yorkshire or Scotland, so perhaps the maps are winning.

☐ These autumn days, I have to make an effort to sympathise with motorway drivers and intending air travellers. The fog, which is bad news for them, appears to me while I walk round Regent's Park in the morning as a subtle experience in visual beauty. Not the least of its gifts is that the monstrous new buildings are blotted out and the greenery appears, as it did in my childhood, to be limitless. Once again the Mappin terraces can be imagined as distant mountain peaks, instead of being backed by Camden Council's hideous blocks of flats. Dogs bark before they visibly approach; the cackling of geese on the lake and the screeching of gibbons in the Zoo come out of a magically shrouded world of mystery. Fog has surely been a formative factor in the richly imaginative life of the English. To live without it would be depriving, just as it would be depriving to live without sunshine or without snow.

☐ They're cutting down the elms in the park and it's a desperately sad sight, especially when the holes are covered by mounds of earth which look like rough primeval graves. While the work goes on, the signs put up to deter people from coming too close read: 'Warning – Tree Surgery'. Euthanasia, alas, would be more accurate. Still, if we ever have compulsory euthanasia for human beings, I'm sure it will be shrouded in a kindly-sounding name such as Vital Surgery. Nothing less can be expected in a country like this, where the decision not to have a family is called 'family planning' and people who are thrown out of their jobs 'become redundant'. Now I come to think of it, a good name for those selected for euthanasia would be Environmentally Redundant.

Mervyn Jones

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ *Focus on Barton* – the community newspaper for Barton, Oxford – published a letter in its September edition complaining about the behaviour of an unnamed family who were making life miserable for the neighbours. According to the anonymous letter, the family make a noise far into the night and their children throw stones at other children and at animals. Now five families at Barton have been to see the editorial board of the paper to demand that they stop writing about them. – *Oxford Mail* (G. Gilmore)

☐ Sir – Is it not a measure of the pink Socialism peddled by the Conservative Party since the last war, and their continued drift to the Left, that Mr R. Prentice now feels quite able to apply for membership? – Letter in *Daily Telegraph* (O. Hall)

☐ Every time a well-known footballer scored a goal a man from the council went round to his home to collect mortgage arrears. 'We used to watch for when he scored because we knew he would be on a bonus that week,' Mr John Hayes, a deputy clerk to Nottinghamshire County Council, said at a meeting of the council's finance committee yesterday. – *The Times* (J. Mackrell)

☐ A council-flat back garden was the scene of a midnight witchcraft ritual, but the 'witches' chanting around a cross-shaped fire annoyed the neighbours watching the late-night television horror film. – *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

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University Forum

Margaret Gilmore

A Degree of Failure

This year I graduated with a Third Class Honours degree in English from London University. Having been led to expect an Upper Second, I was both disappointed and puzzled: had I just done badly or was there something wrong with the whole system? I found out that I had failed one paper, the last of five taken in the space of just two and a half days, and that I wasn't alone in that predicament. Yet the examiners neither knew about that nor, as would seem to be the point, of my department's assessment of what I ought to get. My paper was marked by external examiners at too early a stage for them to have access to the assessment. I can neither resit my finals nor have that paper re-examined. Now what I will get out of it all is a set of references effectively cancelling out my degree result by saying what I *ought* to have got. Intrigued, I looked further afield and found I was not the only unwilling victim of that eccentric and contradictory creature: the university examination system.

Stuart Barber is an active union member at the University of Cardiff. In 1975 he and two other students failed their Part I finals in Social Sciences. All three were mature students and all three had domestic problems – no reflection on their maturity. The examiners should have taken these into consideration. They apparently did not. All three students failed two or three of the seven subjects taken. Their papers were identifiable by their names, not merely a code number. They were marked by internal examiners who knew each student. Stuart Barber's particular case has other aspects. His academic record was good; the previous year he had won the G. D. H. Cole prize for publishing a History paper. His failure, he believes, was the result of political victimisation. Tension with university authorities had originated when he failed to 'paint a picture of rosiness' to prospective students when he was giving them a conducted tour of the campus. But for whatever reasons he failed, the results did not do justice to his ability.

After the Part I's he appealed to the Principal to set up an inquiry into the results, to no avail. Luckily for him, though, the national press took up the case and it was brought before the House of Commons. The Department of Education and Science, however, refused to become involved in the autonomy of the universities: 'It's all to do with the ridiculous myth of the universities as untouchables', Barber says. He resat the exams the following September. This time all three passed.

Very little direct action has been taken by students over exam results. There is evidence, though, that militancy can push academics into reviewing their assessments. Three years ago at Kent University Joe Cotter was sent down in the final year of his Philosophy course. His department cited his missing two tutorials, after previous warnings, as the reason for his expulsion. But of these two periods, one was cancelled and illness prevented his attending the other. Predictably, an initial appeal before a review panel proved fruitless. The students union mobilised itself in Joe Cotter's support. It moved *en masse* into occupation, starting in the Humanities offices and later spreading to the University Registry. While in occupation students uncovered evidence that previous favourable reports on Joe Cotter's work had not been put before the panel. Eventually, and due to union pressure, the appeal was referred to the Senate. Joe was reprieved and went on to gain a good degree. Only one student in the department obtained better results than him. The Dean of the faculty resigned.

Stuart Barber's case injects further political elements into the question of exams. Why otherwise should a student with a stable academic background and overt political leanings suddenly topple in his university exams? A Geography graduate from an English university, who himself originated from Northern Ireland, he discovered after his Part II finals that he had failed his two best subjects. His academic record was excellent. His papers were marked by internal examiners and carried his name, not a code number. The examiner – oddly there was only one – openly complained that the student's political views in the actual papers (one on China and one on Latin America) were too dogmatic. The papers were reviewed, inciting heated arguments among the lecturers. Added to that, the student claimed that his involvement in student politics led many of the right-wing staff to regard him as an academic dropout: it was well-known that in 1975 he had belonged to the British support group of the Official Republican movement in Ireland. In his final year he was continually harrassed by police in this country and had family troubles in Northern Ireland, but these factors were again not taken into consideration by the lecturers. It's no wonder that he felt his political background had jeopardised his academic career.

On top of all that his dissertation was rejected. It has been completed behind schedule because he was unable to obtain adequate statistics on his subject – 'Emigration from Northern Ireland'. Despite an extended time limit he was, to his astonishment, told that it was too late for it to be marked when he handed it in. He was automatically failed. The Registrar actually went so far as to inform him that he had wasted time making an investigative report rather than presenting a well-written essay on known facts. So much for the supposition that universities exist for the pursuit of individual knowledge.

Although the dissertation failed the two papers reached pass standard. This still only gave the student a Third degree. His Vice-Chancellor advised against his appealing to the Privy Council – it would probably be an ineffectual waste of time and money. He offered the student his own testimonial – no mean reference coming from one of the country's most influential Vice-Chancellors. The appeal was dropped. So that student, too, joins our exclusive band of Third Class BA Honours graduates. It's particularly hard on him, though, because his classification is too low to enable him to do post-graduate research as he had intended.

The whole rigmarole of appealing is time-consuming, depressing and almost always futile. Of the seven Sussex students to attempt an appeal this summer only one, Clifford Jansen, has forced his way through the bureaucracy on the ratification of degrees and is actually appearing before the Privy Council. Instead of leaving his secluded campus to join the ever-increasing ranks of graduate job-hunters he feels compelled to stay on and fight his case. He is not obsessed by his personal disappointment: 'What I am really doing is questioning the whole classificatory system.' Surely a system in which double-checking is rarely permitted after results are published, a system where details of assessments are supposed to be confidential (even to the exclusion of the candidate), must be undemocratic. Not even I should officially know that I failed one paper, let alone which paper that was. But why it is such a big secret?

With so many people dissatisfied with our methods of assessing undergraduates, why isn't more time spent on reviewing the system? One which allowed for appeals would reduce the number of students who, like myself, feel that their classification is unrepresentative of their capabilities. Perhaps we should have followed the maxim which extolls 'the man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed'. Still, there are consolations. The system as it stands is far too vunerable to guarantee any genuinely significant results. It's not surprising that a degree holds little weight in a competitive society which disregards meaningless and ill-defined classifications. Finally, of course, we have the promises of academic references which will gloss over our actual classification – avowals from the very people who rubber-stamped our results at the examiners' meetings, saying that really our results just don't do us justice. And however nonsensical it may seem, when you only have a Third degree that sort of reference can't be scoffed at.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Speak as you Find

When, during the war, the Russians became, however involuntarily, our allies, the event was brought home to the nation and duly celebrated by various extremely English gatherings in London at, where else, the Albert Hall. The subject of one of these meetings was the rare bravery of the sailors who were operating the suicidal PQ convoys taking supplies to our hard-pressed snowy friends across the dangerous northern seas. It was felt important to make it clear to the audience from the start how very *cold* Russia was and to this end the lights came up on Ralph Richardson, perched on a sort of plinth and wearing whitish grey robes indicating chill, with Sybil Thorndike on another plinth in matching attire. Sir Ralph spoke first. 'Twenty below, thirty below, forty below,' he intoned, striking a suitably icy note, upon which Dame Sybil inflated those splendid lungs and echoed these temperature readings with an impressive '. . . and slowly flows Wolga.' The beloved lady, ever diligent, had evidently discovered that in spoken Russian the Volga comes out as the 'Wolga' (does it?). After further scene-setting jabber, there was a good bit of music and of marching about by merchant seamen with the tops of their sea-boots turned down, after which we all dutifully subscribed £1 to something or other and then went home to our dried egg and the last of the margarine.

On another occasion, they brought over a Russian delegation which included the famous Russian lady sniper who had already, operating alone on the steppes, bagged 89 Germans and was thirsting for more, a commanding uniformed figure called Ludmila something. The British public, who had been having bombs dropped on them for two years, already knew about war and were inclined to treat the occasion lightly. A female riflewoman seemed to them all that was most hilarious, and on her appearance, accompanied by an interpreter, there were merry cries of 'Look out, 'ere she comes. Duck, everybody! Mind yer heads!' The Russians were, rightly, not amused; the interpreter advanced. 'Ludmila say, war no joke.' Eventually, after some country dancing displays by women's institutes, the doughty markswoman was presented with a silver tea-pot and a set of Dickens, tastefully morocco-bound and handsomely tooled. The recipient looked, as well she might, nonplussed ('Ludmila say, good afternoon'). Throughout the proceedings not one smile had anywhere been visible on a Russian face. It was all gloom and doom. Could these people be, we wondered, true representatives of Shangri-la, the imagined heaven of the far Left and Communist sympathisers who flourished intellectually in the Twenties and Thirties, and who nowadays grace, here and there, the shop-floor?

'Do you know what the dead do in heaven?' cries an anguished character in Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement*. 'They sit on their golden chairs and sicken for home.' The plight of the voluntary exile, if such one may call a traitor, is explored in Alan Bennett's thoughtful new play, and at least we know, from personal accounts, what was the fate of Guy Burgess. His usefulness long since exhausted, he sat on his golden chair swigging vodka (?wodka), wearing an Old Etonian bow tie, playing on a portable gramophone a not very good Jack Buchanan record, with the tears streaming down his face. He was, however, responsible for a remarkable display of loyalty by a delightful lady that I knew, a Miss Warren.

The quality of loyalty, of which Miss Warren was once to give such a fine example, is strange, for however misapplied or disastrously pursued a loyalty it may be, it is impossible to have anything but admiration for it. Not even those who tend to sneer at all human virtues can make any sort of headway against loyalty. Some years ago, Miss Warren was cashier in the dining-room (known to us as the 'coffee-room') of the London club of which I am happily a member. After munching one's selected goodies down, it was to her that one went to pay up, passing the time of day as one did so. She sat high up at a sort of raised desk, viewing the landscape o'er, and gave the impression of being seated on a throne. Her manner was indeed both regal and affable, but one wouldn't have cared to get on the wrong side of her. At this time, another member of the club was Guy Burgess. He liked, as I did, Miss Warren, and they would exchange jokes. He had considerable natural charm and his manners towards everybody in the club, whether employees or fellow members, were impeccable, a pleasant trait that is not always present among those who frequent clubs. He took, for whatever reason, a lively interest in people as such, and was entirely lacking in egocentricity.

When the Burgess and Maclean scandal broke, the club rooms buzzed with chat. Voices, raised or lowered, boomed or muttered their uninformed views. Know-alls wagged their dreary heads and hindsight was everywhere ('Never trusted the fellow . . .'). A group of members, waiting to pay their lunch bills at the cash desk, were loudly discussing the affair and were uniformly hot in condemnation. They rattled on and on until they suddenly became aware of a Presence. It was Miss Warren who had put down her pen and had risen to her feet and was now towering even higher above them, a huge avenging angel. An alarmed silence fell and then Miss Warren spoke, and in a voice that, trembling with rage, echoed round the coffee-room. 'I don't care what anybody else says about Mr Burgess, he has always been extremely kind to *me*. If you want to know what people are really like, ask the club servants. They know who's truly nice and who isn't. Mr Burgess is a very nice man, *much nicer than many members I could name*.' Her furious glance swept the little group beneath her, picking out a bald head here, a pair of gleaming pincenez there. Terrified, they hurriedly paid their bills and slunk humbled away. By the time my turn came to pay, she was herself again. 'How's Devon? We haven't seen you for quite a time. That saddle of mutton looked tasty. That will be eighteen shillings exactly.' I could have hugged her.

I feel that I should be letting Miss Warren (now dead, alas) down if I did not state now, as I was not shy of stating then, that I was a friend of Guy's. We had been at Cambridge together and he, artistically gifted, had designed sets for plays in which I had acted. He led a university life that was a good bit faster than mine. Indeed, he had an M.G. car and his rooms in Trinity, and later in London, were a confused mass of rumpled Old Etonian ties, stale bits of cake, tins of jellied eels, half-burnt lamp-shades, gramophone records of all descriptions (he particularly enjoyed the horror of 'laughing songs'), and innumerable bottles of Cointreau from which friends were encouraged to sip, no matter how early or advanced the hour. There was a sort of mini-spinet on which he occasionally twanged a melody and in the plugless bath the water was kept in by the suction supplied by an old tennis ball enshrouded in an old tennis sock that had not recently made contact with soap and water destined for itself alone.

He was generous and carefree and it really didn't seem to matter much that his ears were sometimes rather grubby. He was as bright as a button and he could be extremely funny. He found out one day that I had never read Dickens. I explained that my father, a passionate admirer who seldom read anything else, had attempted, with the best intentions, to make me read him too and of course I had violently rebelled. One evening at the club, Guy read me, in a richly comical voice, the Mrs Gamp sections from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and my laughter was so violent and uncontrolled that we had to stop. This is the kind of thing for which one will be grateful all one's life.

It is, I suppose, the selflessness and unprofitability of an unquestioning loyalty such as Miss Warren's that make it such an unassailable virtue. Other virtuous excellences, among them zeal, patience, honesty, dutifulness and industry, all tend to get you somewhere (a cherished seat on the board: that bank managership: a job at the Mint) but loyalty really leads nowhere. Cordelia was reviled and disinherited by her dotty old dad and led a short life that few would envy. Nancy's devotion to Bill Sykes can hardly be said to have benefited her career, and the boy stood on the burning deck (whence all but he had fled) to very little personal advantage save that of a brief appearance in an extremely hackneyed poem.

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Letters to the Editor

Party Democracy

Sir, Your correspondents (Letters, 14 October) who object to the participation of all paid-up members in selection conferences seem to belong to a Labour Party completely different from the one I know.

Michael Freeman patronisingly raises the dreadful fear that the press will influence the vote of the humble, unsophisticated party member. Yet open selection meetings could rarely be expected to attract an attendance of more than two or three hundred. Are we seriously expected to believe that 200 of the most committed Labour supporters in a constituency are likely to be stampeded by the local press?

Mr Freeman's other point about buying selections by paying other people's subscriptions could be overcome by having a sufficiently long qualifying period of membership.

Michael Gannon gives a description of a selection in a Labour seat which is almost entirely inaccurate. For a start, the 'B' list of available candidates plays no part at all. Putative candidates must at least write in, or, more likely, be well known locally or have some strings to pull. Branches may indeed hold their own nomination meetings and interview possible candidates, but many do not, because they are moribund, in someone's pocket, or simply don't know what to do since they carry out the process so rarely. Mr Gannon muddies the waters in two ways: by talking about 'primaries' and by questioning the practicalities of any reform. Primaries are a different system altogether (which I don't support for a moment) involving not just party members, but party *supporters*. The composite motion put forward at the party conference was completely clear. It called for selection conferences to consist of all party members. All other aspects of nomination and shortlisting would be unchanged.

One other point. The assumption is always made that CLP General Committees consist entirely of activists. Unhappily, even though procedures have recently been tightened up, delegates still attend selection conferences and are then never seen again. This is particularly galling to genuine activists who happen not to be General Committee members and who are thus excluded from any significant say in the choice of candidate. It is a pity that this essential reform is seen largely as part of internal party faction-fighting, and thus has little chance of implementation, except, one may optimistically hope, as a *quid pro quo* for automatic reselection. The party desperately needs to involve more people in these important decisions and to shed its image of being dominated by tiny, self-interested cliques. Some people seem only too happy to fiddle while the Labour Party dies out in its traditional strongholds.

PAUL TINNION

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Newcastle upon Tyne

Sir, In reply to the attacks by Mr Freeman and Mr Gannon on your 'one man, one vote' argument in the selection of parliamentary candidates:

(1) The short list should be drawn up as at present – i.e. by the EC and GMC (or perhaps just the GMC) drawing on nominations by the branches.

(2) The final selection should be made at a selection conference, as it is now. Thus members attending would have to hear all the shortlisted candidates speak and answer questions. I have enough faith in the average party member to believe that by the end of the evening the recommendation of the local paper would have little influence.

(3) 'Buying the selection' can be largely avoided by having a qualifying period of party membership – say 12 months – for attendance at the selection conference.

(4) In any case, at present GMCs are not necessarily picked by 'activists', merely by those members attending the branch AGMs. They further suffer from the absurdity of multiple voting by trade unionists, women, Young Socialists, Fabians etc. And if selection conferences were open to the membership at large, there would be more incentive for branches to elect to the GMC the best members for the job, rather than (in the year of a selection at least) to pack the GMC with people thought to be pliant Jenkinsites, Bennites, Tribunites, Luddites, or whatever.

DAVID BEAN

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Change and Decay

Sir, Andrew Saint's concern to get help for the churches in the monumental task of maintaining their historic buildings is most welcome. But it is unfair of him to say of the modest sum of state aid now available: 'Staggeringly, church authorities have not yet taken much interest in this provision.' The tap was only turned on by the Secretary of State on 4 August – albeit after five years of negotiation. Prompt action was taken to make the information known and all the signs are that the Department of the Environment will have more than enough applications to consider for the money that has to be spent by the end of March next. The Change and Decay exhibition at the V & A had a limited objective in view; but it was sad that it failed to give adequate recognition to the remarkable efforts made by church-goers and non church-goers alike, in countless local communities, to maintain ancient and lovely buildings in the face of rising costs and rampant inflation.

DAVID ROFFEN

Bishopscourt
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The Gould Report

Sir, I agree with Richard Hoggart's assessment of the Gould Report (NS 14 October) but I would lay more stress on its *intellectual* lapses. A careful reading suggests that these lapses derive from the author's unconscious failure to admit that he is or has become a Tory – in business to identify capitalism with democracy. There is a strong implication throughout the report that radical social change is not needed in this country and that anyone in favour of it is *ipso facto* a Marxist. He insists that the only alternatives are revolution or 'change within the context of capitalism'. Though he concedes that there is a respectable Marxist Left (à la Hill or Needham), he implies that the vast majority are not of that company. Some statistics would have been welcome here, if he was to avoid the charge that he has written a right-wing propaganda pamphlet and not an academically respectable report.

Professor Gould uses the phrase 'irreversible social change' as if it were something terrible and only sought or brought about by Marxists. One need not be a Marxist to hope that the social changes and improvements in this country, legislated by progressives as a result of pressure from radicals on behalf of the people, are irreversible. Finally, he even manages to smear the ultra-respectable firm of Heinemann (one of whose top advisers, Professor Donald Gunn Macrae, is quoted approvingly elsewhere in the report): apparently they are giving aid and comfort to the enemy by advertising four books (none of which is left-wing) in the *New Left Review*.

Was it inevitable that Professor Gould should spoil his own case by wrapping it up in this vulgar form? The tone and style of the report recall Aims of Industry, the *Daily Telegraph*, the Black Papers. Better, or rather, worse, they recall the intellectual and other failings of Messrs Prentice, Wyatt, Johnson and Levin. (I read a borrowed copy because I could not afford the rip-off price of £5, and was amazed at the number of misprints as well as the clumsy phrasing in several places.)

J. GORDON

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Shock Therapy

Sir, Christopher Price writes (NS 14 October) of the ECT debate and suggests that it is a perilous enterprise for the lay politician to thus invade clinical freedom. It has been my experience that opinions based on clinical freedom have tended to maintain clinical prejudices rather than to subject orthodox practice to rational criticism. It is invariable for debate over ECT among psychiatrists to confuse several separate issues and I hope that I can add a useful postscript to Mr Price's article by attempting to clarify these issues.

There is first of all the issue of what, if any, effect does ECT have upon the sub-group of the population to which it is customarily administered. The standard of clinical trials over the 40 years in which the treatment has been in use is consistently poor. A recent Medical Research Council trial has been rather better than most and showed that ECT was effective in elevating depressed mood but that its effect was no greater than the elevation in mood produced in a control group given a placebo. In addition the MRC trial demonstrated that an anti-depressant drug was more reliable in artificially elevating mood than either ECT or a placebo.

The issue of compulsory treatment with ECT does not revolve just on whether or not ECT is effective, but on the issue of whether it is right for the state to insist that an individual's beliefs, experience, or behaviour should be subjected to change if they deviate from certain acceptable norms. There is no crisis of conscience when faced with the question of treating the comatose patient, or the infant, or the plainly senile without their explicit consent, but compulsory treatment means some thing quite different. Such compulsion could involve physical restraint and the forced administration of tranquillising drugs – a strange treatment for an individual already living through a painful experience. But there is another, more subtle, compulsion which arises from the pressure of nursing and medical staff on the patient. Such pressures are almost without exception made in good faith but the patient who yields to them can rarely be said to be acting out of informed consent.

Such considerations inevitably lead to the wider issue of how should the state act towards those who commit no criminal or civil offences but who offend as deviants in belief or in behaviour. Currently we deal with such individuals under the 1939 Mental Health Act (surely a Mental *Illness* Act). It is a feature of this legislation that those individuals with whom it deals can be deprived of their liberty for significant periods (up to 25 days) without recourse to the process of law. This apparent disregard for individual rights is reflected in the laissez-faire attitude to ECT evident in the abuses of the treatment which Mr Price's

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correspondents anxiously report.

There is probably little doubt that, in the event of the reform of legislation safeguarding the right of liberty and the right of refusal of medical treatment, the work of all those in the psychiatric services would need to undergo some sweeping changes. Against this one has to ask should the state put the comfort of its psychiatric workers before the rights of the individual?

JAMES BIRCH

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Eurodemocracy

Sir, I quote, for all to read, an extract from Santiago Carrillo's article 'Eurocommunism and Social Democracy' (NS 30 September):

> The socialist revolution in the capitalist West should involve the defeat and the political and social removal of the exploiting classes.

Is this not a frank admission that the Eurocommunist, once in power, would attempt to eliminate all opposition? For surely, if the exploiting classes (whoever they are!) resisted change, wouldn't they have to be crushed ruthlessly, along with the political parties that represented their interests? I cannot see how else they could be 'removed' from power. And where would the 'socialism with democracy, multi-party system . . . and human rights', that Santiago Carrillo claims to cherish, be then?

I believe, like Solzhenitsyn, that talking about 'democratic socialism' is like talking about 'boiling ice'. It is clear that Santiago Carrillo values socialism more highly than democracy. Otherwise, his conscience would not permit him to talk in such glowing terms about a dictator like Tito ('Comrade Tito' indeed!). Nor would it permit him to talk about the 'achievements'? There haven't been any.

Santiago Carrillo does, of course, criticise the Soviet Union, but only for its failure to develop as a 'workers' democracy'. Nowhere in his article does he give the impression that he believes the 'bourgeois democracies' to be any better. There is still the same old weary talk, for example, about 'American imperialism', which is the least of the world's problems; and still a lack of any clear statement about repression in the Soviet Union, (the 'massive and annihilating repression of Stalin's day' he has not ended – as Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and Bukovsky, to name but a few, are constantly trying to tell us).

In fact, the whole of Santiago Carrillo's article merely reinforced my view that communists (whether they be Eurocommunists, Afro-communists or any other type of communist) are utterly incapable of understanding what democracy and freedom are all about.

D. R. BLAGDEN

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Education and Equality

Sir, Dr John Rae (Letters, 23 September) works hard and undertakes considerable responsibility: such are the requirements of his position (though there are, surely, yet larger schools, with even greater social and academic problems, requiring yet more of their principal administrators). The question whether or not his hard work and responsibility give us an easier road towards a progressive society may often be considered immaterial – occasionally, even, anarchic. When, however, Dr Rae avails himself of his disproportionately influential position as 'Head' of Westminster School predictably to attack the present educational system in this country, the question is begged.

Dr John Rae, as I said, works hard, but, unlike the legion engineer-saviours he speaks of, he is not in the slightest industrially productive. That is to say that this man, who deplores the present educational biases – if such there are – and who rests his hopes of a stabilised economy on the development of high manual skills as a part of education, contributes no more to the national economy than his income tax, which he may or may not also deplore, and his expenditure.

Nor is his productivity to be measured in any other tangible way than in the Oxbridge and other university entrance successes which his school attains: there is no trend in private education towards a more general if not industrially-biased higher educational system that I'm aware of. The last thing the public school headmasters believe in is a planned economy, and they are no more interested in turning out a fleet of engineers than engineers are in promoting public school headmasterships. It's all merely academic.

Equality has not been achieved. And it has certainly not been achieved by educational reform.

TORBEN C. LEE

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Cosham, Hants.

Not So Innocent

Sir, Edward Baker of the Portia Trust (Letters, 7 October) paints a lurid picture of school life. It seems there are schools where the flagellation of adolescent girls is common, on the lines of these pictures one sees in pornographic magazines: you know the sort of thing, black knickers, suspenders, white socks, mini-gym-slips.

One drools, and maybe so does E. Baker. In my own school, it is quite different. We spend most of the time teaching things to the pupils, both male and female. When some pupil disrupts this process, he or she is warned. If the warning is unheeded, the pupil is then punished. The punishment can be lines, writing out the school rules, picking up waste-paper in the yard, deprivation of a privilege, a letter to the parents, a visit to the head teacher's study, and so on. In serious cases the pupil may be suspended, or even expelled.

In all cases, teachers exercise their professional judgment (which is what they are employed for), so as to select the punishment best suited to the offence and to the offender. In a small minority of cases, usually involving naughty little boys, corporal punishment is chosen. It's quick, it gets the class back to work at once, and every survey of pupil opinion has shown that the pupils are in favour of it. It is a tiny factor in the work of a school and there are a thousand more pressing matters.

Nevertheless, like E. Baker, I do hanker after exciting encounters in the bookstore, thrashing nubile young women in black knickers, etc, after the jannie and the cleaners have gone home: otherwise they'd hear the screams. He says there are schools where this is one of the perks, in the North East of England. If he will name some of them, I'll put in for a transfer right away.

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Female Trap

Sir, As a chubby young male reader, and at risk of sounding rhetorical, may I suggest that Betty Friedan (NS 23 September) was reviewing a book other than the one featured in your heading? Your headline 'On Aggression' rightly calls attention to Ms Friedan's insistence on this aspect of Professor Goldberg's *The Inevitability of Patriarchy* in its US edition; but in the UK edition Professor Goldberg is at pains to avoid this contentious word.

Also, in the UK edition, he provides a cogent refutation of her jibe of racism; he emphasises that the differentiation of dominance tendency is a function not of 'a much higher level of testosterone' but of the prenatal effect of testosterone in *any* quantity on the central nervous system of the foetus; and he neither mentions IQ in the direct context of his theory, nor attributes related findings to 'Erhardt and Money' when he does refer to them.

There may be cases to be made against Professor Goldberg's use of terms; it might be argued that the UK edition of the book, being so clearly distinct from the US one, should have been given a different name (Professor Goldberg's 'Introductory Note to the British Edition' mentions but fails to answer this charge). Ms Friedan, avoiding these firm grounds and arguing from her own shakier ones – either answered in this edition or foreseen in their replicity – exposes herself to precisely the criticisms which Professor Goldberg levels at Drs Millet, Greer, *et al.*

BOB KNOWLES

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Home Truths

Sir, Well! Who would have guessed that unemployment is highest amongst the rather old and the rather young (Peter Townsend, NS 7 October) or that skilled workers tend to find jobs more easily than unskilled? Pretty convincing arguments against mass unemployment, too. Perhaps as a follow-up we might have some equally hard-hitting articles on the undesirability (as a general rule) of malnutrition, or the effect of price-rises on the cost of goods?

ROGER CARPENTER

12 George Street
Cambridge

Encounter

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Mr. Prone

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C. H. Rolph

Illustrated by David English

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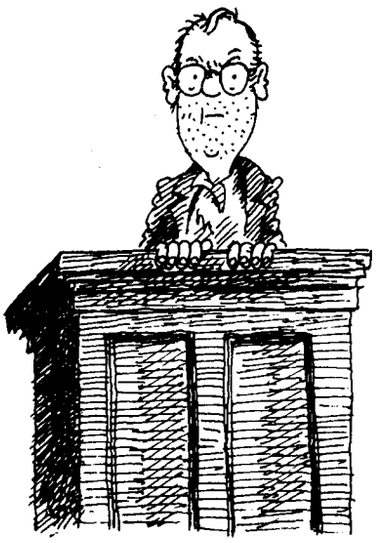

Downbeat Music Guide

Antony Hopkins

Illustrated by Marc

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MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

Martin Amis

In a State of Emergency

India: A Wounded Civilisation by V. S. NAIPAUL *Deutsch* £3.95

Indian motorists are not required to use their lights after dark, though they may flash while swerving if they wish; they are obliged, however (or so it seems), to sound their horns whenever they see anything at all, mobile or stationary, animate or inanimate. English whisky costs £30-odd a bottle in India: a diplomat could support a large servant family with a quarterly gift – which would cost him £1 a time. Indians compose most of their commercial signs in English, and get one vowel wrong in every word (HOUSEBOOT was the most typically self-defeating). Indian trade-names, in addition, shyly proclaim the modesty of their wares, as if pre-empting any suspicion of excellence: STANDARD, GENERAL, RATHER, DECENT, boast the shopfronts – you half-expect to see MEDIOCRE or NOT THAT BAD. In the city streets tourists are approached for money three or four times every minute, by the beggar-women and their shrieking babies (they pinch them throughout the interview, to make them cry but also to acknowledge the child's sins in previous lives), by the grinning American hippies in their sawn-off jeans ('Hi. We're trying to do something for the people in jail over here right now. Anything you have – clothes, blankets, medicine . . . Nothing? Okay, great. Bye!'), and by the distracted, semi-Westernised touts (who are not currency-dealing, who have no realistic transaction in mind, who just keep muttering potent phrases like 'twenty rupees . . . nine English pounds . . . one hundred dollars! . . . *three* rupees . . .'). In the lavatory of New Delhi International Airport you might see two untouchable sweepers fleetingly embrace among the slops. At the other end of the caste scale, brahmin type 1132 (there are over 1,500 kinds of brahmin) might well refuse to speak to brahmin type 1129, let alone touch him. Dogs, chickens and old men sleep on the roads through provincial towns; Indian cows eat what they want and go where they please (Indian cows look as though they think it's a bit of luck, all this about them being sacred). Nearly everything seems to be filthy, mad, ridiculous, or all three. Nearly everyone seems to be in terrible trouble, and not to mind about it that much.

Responses to India tend towards two extremes. The first response, promoting lack of imagination to intrepidity, takes a heartily sentimental pleasure in the dirt and distress – this is the response, in different ways, of the hippie and of the colonist. The second response involves immediate recognition of one's alarm and neurotic withdrawal: initially, one sees India through the mist of one's utter rejection of it. In *An Area of Darkness,* published in 1964, V. S. Naipaul passed on the story of the Sikh who, returning to India after several years abroad, sat down among his suitcases on the Bombay docks and wept; he had forgotten what Indian poverty was like. 'It is an Indian story,' Naipaul went on,

> in its arrangement of figure and properties, its melodrama, its pathos. It is Indian above all in its attitude to poverty as something which, thought about from time to time in the midst of other preoccupations, releases the sweetest of emotions . . . Poverty not as an urge to anger or improving action, but poverty as an inexhaustible source of tears . . . India is the poorest country in the world. Therefore, to see its poverty is to make an observation of no value . . . In India, the easiest and most necessary thing is to ignore the obvious.

But to begin with, as Naipaul said, 'the obvious was overwhelming', and *An Area of Darkness* is a record not so much of Naipaul's attempts to see beyond the obvious (he would do that anyway) but of his efforts not to be overwhelmed by it. In the best and most admirable sense, the book is a labour of dramatic intellectual strain. Suppressed hysteria never leaves the narrative for long, and panic makes faces from its margins; for all the brilliance and humour, the voice of that book is skittish, febrile, wayward ('I was longing for greater and greater decay, more rags and filth, more bones'). Compared to *An Area of Darkness,* the new memoir is sharply focused, analytical and remote. But it is also angrier and less forgiving, written with a resolute coldness; and in the end it is an intransigently bitter book.

Inevitably so, Naipaul would claim, for only out of 'an eroded human concern' can any understanding start to come. *India: A Wounded Civilisation* is the result of a third visit to the country, from August 1975 to October 1976, the time of Mrs Gandhi's Emergency, the time when Indians were first asked to confront the startling fact of their own Independence. With the dismantling of its inherited institutions – and with no foreign conqueror for the first time in a thousand years – India 'is left alone with the blankness of its decayed civilisation'. Naipaul's ancestors migrated from the Gangetic plain 100 years ago, and 100 years 'had been enough to wash me clean of many Indian religious attitudes; without those attitudes the distress of India was – and is – insupportable'. Now, however, those attitudes are under threat for every Indian. The 'futility and limitless pain' of India has not changed, but attitudes to it have. India has begun to see the obvious, and is being duly overwhelmed.

As in the earlier book, Naipaul identifies the caste system as the main form of insulation . . . The bathrooms of a Bombay hotel are ankle-deep in excrement; but the hotel employs four sweepers; the bathrooms are therefore spotless. The fingers of a food-server are grimy and rank; but the food-server is of the right food-serving caste; nothing served by the fingers of his right hand could therefore be unclean. Caste is a necessary blinker: it also secures the people in their self-defining roles. A street sweeper uses his fingers alone to lift dust from the road into his cart; a woman cleans a giant causeway with a tiny rag, achieving in a day what a child could do with a single push on a broom; but this is their function – it is what they are born to be. Such absurdities were, until recently, a source of reassurance rather than concern; like poverty itself, they were to be 'relished as religious theatre', in Naipaul's worrying phrase. 'Wanted a Telugu Brahmin Vellanadu non-Kausiga Gotram bride below 22 years,' specifies a small-ad. Naipaul tells the story of the foreign businessman who educated his untouchable servant and secured him a better job. Before long the man was a latrine-cleaner again. He had been ostracised by his own caste, and no one else would have him.

During the Emergency, an opposition pamphlet was circulated giving details of alarming tortures suffered by political prisoners. A man had had his moustache shaved off! People were forced to walk the streets with shoes on their heads! A university professor 'was pushed from side to side with smearing remarks'! These of course are caste pollutions, 'more permanently wounding, and a greater cause for hysteria, than any beating up' (and not surprisingly, when you reflect that an untouchable can be killed for having a moustache of the wrong shape). The opposition pamphlet, though, as Naipaul says, serenely confuses its aims: a plea for humanitarianism becomes a cry of reactionary caste outrage. With every step forward, India always turns in on its own past.

India gets everything wrong: India never learns: its mimicry cannot rise above travesty. Naipaul has a devastating chapter on the new and expensively equipped National Institute of Design at Ahmedabad in Gujarat. Here, important projects include a portable spraying machine with an innovatory – and very heavy – internal motor, enough to cripple any labourer who strapped it on; another team is working on a pair of bladed reaping shoes, requiring a kind of bucolic gambol from the hale and happy peasant. 'Do you know', someone said to Naipaul in Delhi, 'that the investment in bullock carts is equivalent to the total investment in the railways?' Naipaul was about to comment on this melancholy proposition when his interlocutor went on wistfully: 'Now. If we could improve the performance

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of the bullock cart by 10 per cent . . . ' And, sure enough, high science is now seeking to improve the bullock cart. At some open-air laboratory in the south, in an attempt to analyse the animal's stresses and pressures, there is a bullock as thoroughly 'wired up as any astronaut'. At the same time, on any Indian road, you can see the peasant improving the performance of *his* bullock

> in the immemorial way, by pushing a stick up its anus. It is an unregarded but necessary part of the idyll, one of the obscene sights of the Indian road: the hideous cruelty of pre-industrial life, cruelty constant and casual, and easily extended from beast to man.

In some Indian villages children are preferred to men for the few available jobs, because they are cheaper; children become a source of wealth; suicidal overpopulation is guaranteed. Needy villagers still sell their wives to the 'cages' (the brothels) of the major cities to repay small debts to employers. Bonded labour, slavery as punishment, campaigns of terror against landless untouchables, deliberate starvation: 'none of this was new,' says Naipaul, 'but suddenly in India it was news.' Accordingly, the big cities have meanwhile begun to feel themselves 'under siege'. Every day, it is said, 1,500 people arrive in Bombay to live. They gather in packed, cloacal settlements, where the huts are so crowded that families often sleep in shifts. Now the urban poor have been disinherited even of their alms: 'by becoming too numerous they have lost their place in the Hindu system and have no claim on anyone.' A politician has predicted that the cities would soon 'be barricaded against the poor and guarded by machine guns'. And, in Delhi, the expulsion of the poor has already begun.

Naipaul sees in India now the complete and graphic failure of Mahatma Gandhi, and of the Gandhianism cheapened by the likes of Vinoba Bhave and Mr Desai. In seeking to awaken India with the example of his courage and asceticism, Gandhi turned India back on itself, on its own atavistic self-absorption. He awakened the old India.

> With or without Mrs Gandhi, independent India . . . would have arrived at a state of emergency . . . However it is resolved, India will at the end be face to face with its own emptiness, the inadequacy of an old civilisation which is cherished because it is all men have but which no longer answers their needs.

It is a sombre valediction to a sombre book, a book as compelling as it is distressing to read. Although always measured and elegant, there is nothing writerly in these pages; there is no relish. In *An Area of Darkness*, Naipaul could play the country off against his own perverse anxieties and misplaced expectations; he could capture the almost definitive poignancy of the Indian people, with their teeming, incomprehensible dreams and hurts; he could 'ignore the obvious'. He cannot any longer. The early memoir was humbling because of its sheer quality, because it seemed chasteningly good. *India: A Wounded Civilisation* attempts something less congenial: it is a long and angry stare at the obvious; it is humbling in a different way, because it seems chasteningly right.

Clive James

The Road to Berlin

Prussian Nights: A Narrative Poem by ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN translated by Robert Conquest *Collins & Harvill* £3.75

Composed and committed to memory during Solzhenitsyn's time as a zek, *Prussian Nights* is a narrative poem about the Red Army's vengeful advance into Germany in 1945. The Russian text was first published by the YMCA Press, Paris, in 1974. In the present volume we get the Russian text again, with a skilful verse translation by Robert Conquest on the facing pages. A brief – too brief – preface and a useful technical appendix, both by the translator, complete a little book which will probably not make much of a splash, if the reviews it has so far received are anything to go by.

Incidental works by or about Solzhenitsyn seem to be coming out all the time; if people still want books from him at all, they would rather have big ones than small ones; and anyway, perhaps the whole thing is becoming a bit trite, when even Margaret Thatcher gets something of his drift and can make a pretty good shot at pronouncing his name. People think they know Solzhenitsyn's message all too well. Yet this poem, while scarcely being the key to his total achievement, can certainly be said to stand near the beginning of his development as a writer, and would deserve close attention for that reason if for no other. To pay close attention, though, you need to have absorbed what he has been saying, in his subsequent writings, about his country's post-revolutionary history. There are aspects of this poem which are clear only in the light of its author's prose. When reviewers miss those aspects, you start to wonder if they are as familiar with Solzhenitsyn's writings as they make out.

For example, doubts have been expressed about where the author stands in relation to the character – a young officer – narrating the poem. Yet there can be no real doubt. The narrator might *suspect* that there is something outrageous about the way the Russian troops are encouraged to behave, but the author *knows* there is. Solzhenitsyn has always regarded Stalin's vindictive policy against Germany as a stroke of pure cynicism. In his view, the Nazis proved themselves not just evil but stupid when they threw away the moral initiative in the course of their advance: the Soviet government deserved to lose the loyalty of its people. When it was Stalin's turn to advance, his pose of ethical superiority was a grotesque sham. It was one monster calling for revenge on another. Ehrenburg, the writer who was given the task of crying havoc, holds a permanent place among Solzhenitsyn's literary bêtes noirs.

Sure enough, Ehrenburg turns up in this poem, conveying the author's whole ethical position at a blow. He is called contemptuously by his first name, Ilya, and described as the 'senior ham of the lot'. Nadezhda Mandelshtam, in her great book *Hope Against Hope*, thought of him in the same light. Ehrenburg, to all the writers who fell foul of the regime, was perennially the supreme example of what stood to be gained and lost by keeping well in with the authorities. His presence in the poem is a clear token of what Solzhenitsyn thought about the official line on the Great Patriotic War.

But even without such obvious emblems, it should be apparent that this account of the Red Army on the vengeance trail is the opposite of noncommittal. Every line declares its author's conviction that a crime is being perpetrated. Here lies the main difference between Solzhenitsyn's poem and another narrative poem on the same topic, Tvardovsky's *Vassili Tyorkin*. Both poems are written in the same metre – trochaic tetrameters, the measure made familiar to us by *Hiawatha* – and in some ways strike the same note. But they have had, and will continue to have, completely different histories.

For the Russians, Tvardovsky's poem was the most famous to come out of the war. It is still a best-seller: my own copy, printed in 1976, is equipped with explanatory notes in English, on the sound assumption that it is a book any beginner at Russian would be glad to read. *Vassili Tyorkin* is not a work to be despised. But the view it transmits is the view of the common soldier: if you look at the last section, 'The Road to Berlin', you find that it covers the same shattered ground as *Prussian Nights*, but with none of the same misgivings about the sanctity of the task. Apart from a general feeling of war-is-hell, there is not an unsettling idea in evidence. There is no suggestion that the Russian people are in as much danger from their own rulers as from the enemy.

Although Tvardovsky purveyed the official view, he was no smooth operator like Ehrenburg. Indeed it was Tvardovsky who went on to edit *Novy Mir* and thus publish *One Day In the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, the only book by Solzhenitsyn ever to appear in the Soviet Union. Solzhenitsyn admired Tvardovsky and wrote a resounding eulogy at his death, which was undoubtedly hastened by a broken heart, the editorship of *Novy Mir* having been taken away from him when the thaw refroze. The two men were eventually united in a common trouble. But the two poems of their youth remain fundamentally separate. There were no conceivable circumstances in which *Prussian Nights* could have been popular, or even unpopular. It just could not have existed as a publication. Even now, it tells too much of the truth. At the time, merely to have been caught in possession of the manuscript would have been enough to ensure Solzhenitsyn's arrest – except, of course, that he had been arrested already.

But from the official standpoint, the truly subversive elements in the poem would not

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necessarily have been the hideous accounts of rape and murder – it is just possible that those might have been thought of as rather well put. The passages which would have doomed the author are concerned with the quality of goods which the rampaging troops find lying around waiting to be plundered. The narrator marvels at barns built like mansions. German things are so *well made*. Their military cars run so sweetly. Most amazing of all, there are reams of paper and boxes of Faber pencils. Our hero has never seen paper so smooth, or pencils that can draw so finely. He has come to an unknown planet.

One of the guards taking Mandelshtam into exile wouldn't believe that you could be punished for writing a poem. Mandelshtam set him straight: of course you could. Just the passage about the pencils would have been enough to get Solzhenitsyn shot ten times over. Stalin was mortally afraid of his soldiers coming into contact with the West. He was already purging his army before the victory was complete. Russian prisoners-of-war (some of them march through the poem, in a solitary, funereal passage of pentameter) were brought home to be liquidated. This whole mass agony, which made nonsense of the regime's claims to be patriotic, is what Solzhenitsyn is referring to when he talks about paper and pencils. That much is made clear by his prose writings. It is not edifying to see critics sucking their thumbs and wondering what he might be on about. Robert Conquest has made the understandable mistake of writing a tactfully concise preface, but it begins to look as if he should have spelled things out.

But Mr Conquest's principal task was to translate the verse, which he has done with force and guile, preserving the wide range of tone which Solzhenitsyn commands. Even in his prose, Solzhenitsyn combines any amount of modern idiom with the whole heritage of literary Russian. Packed into tetrameters, such a vocabulary can yield a daunting variety of effects. Describing the winter, Solzhenitsyn sounds like Nekrasov in *Frost the Red-Nosed*: he consciously echoes the traditional Russian imagery of the cold. At the other extreme, a bulk sugar store burns with lilac flames – an entirely modern observation. The pictorial quality of the whole poem is an eye-opener. There is always a tendency, on the part of his detractors, to make of Solzhenitsyn something less than he is, but here is further evidence that he is something more than even his admirers thought. At the very least, this poem should help to give us an adequate idea of the creative power which the young Solzhenitsyn brought to the task of re-establishing objective truth in a country whose government had devoted so much murderous energy to proving that there can be no such thing.

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What Must We Teach? by TIM DEVLIN and MARY WARNOCK *Temple Smith* £6 & £2.75

The PM has asked us to reflect on education – which is in itself a welcome novelty. Parents, employers and universities have become anxious about educational standards and about the absence (as in the case of the William Tyndale school) of any established and effective way of controlling teachers who fail to teach. Mary Warnock and Tim Devlin's timely contribution to the 'great debate' looks boldly at the whole structure of education. Its authors seem to assume – whereas I do not – that we must now accept comprehensive schooling as the only form of state or state-aided education. But their suggestions can be considered apart from any particular view of this question, which I will refrain from discussing here.

The book's main recommendation is for the central direction of education under the aegis of a new Education Council containing lay members as well as teachers. The government should take the lead in promoting a common curriculum, consisting of a 'core' of compulsory subjects examined at 14, a middle circle of compulsory subjects not examined at 14, and a third circle of various academic and other optional subjects. The second public exam, O-level, would represent a compromise between present O-level and CSE. For those proceeding to further education, A-level would demand three major and two minor subjects. These minimum arrangements should achieve the proper aims of school education as stated by the authors: to provide independence through skill and knowledge, and access to further education.

A common curriculum may be damned as 'regimentation'. However, the authors cogently argue the social and educational need for a generally known and accepted minimum standard in literacy and numeracy, and rightly suggest that human nature, together with our traditions, will easily preclude a standardised product. They 'do not want to satisfy the non-divisive lobby', and are firmly in favour of the examination system as the best and indeed the only way to ensure a free-making, door-opening education for all. This piece of common sense is very welcome. Uncontrolled experiments in child-centred learn-for-yourself education have long been unpopular with parents and should now be proscribed. Education is not 'self-expression' but the laborious and rewarding discovery of what is other than oneself. Objective public testing promotes a valuable respect for the difference between truth and falsehood, and teaches the important lesson that the world is independent of our desires. Of course, assessments and

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'profiles' have good uses. But there is no substitute for the challenge and stimulus of the examination, enlivening teachers and pupils alike and giving them an interesting common objective.

What Must We Teach? attempts to woo us all into sanity and must be praised for doing so. There has been too much anger in arguments about education. But I feel at times that the authors are being too cautious and benign. The lunatics of the anti-literacy brigade, those who say that reading is unnecessary, or that working-class children need not bother with 'correct' spelling and syntax (which is middle-class anyway) are dismissed with a mild protest: 'Are there to be no more working-class journalists, novelists, lawyers or broadcasters?' But why tolerate the confusion of the argument by these class labels? People who want to learn to think must master the grammar of their language and its clear and precise use. Such truth-discerning precision *is* thought, and grammar is one of its first steps. The authors argue capably against relativism in values ('X is good' does not mean 'I, or we, just happen to like X'); but then, on the next page, they are to be found apologetically admitting that their ideology is 'bourgeois'. 'We think of the criteria for good education as determined by the bourgeois work ethic and the ethic of independent thought and free imagination.' They justify this choice by saying that we have, at present, a bourgeois government. Why this tortuous and diffident argument? The work ethic, independent thought and free imagination are to be chosen because they are right. If we wish not only to remove the education debate from the meaner shallows of party bickering, but to establish it as a rational debate commanding serious general interest, we should try to banish the terminology of 'working-class values' and 'bourgeois values'. We are concerned with *values*, with the difference between knowledge and ignorance, being useful or useless, employable or unemployable.

The authors seem to me a little too anxious to pull education, on the arts side, away from literature and history, towards 'sociology' and contemporary studies. There is enough of such a pull already without giving it extra weight. They distinguish 'literacy for use' (tested at 14) from 'literacy for pleasure' (not tested at 14) and suggest that more school time be given to 'reading what a child chooses to read with no obligation to say anything about it'. Why? Discussion of imaginative literature is probably the earliest and most generally available training of the mind. The authors suggest that children should 'think of such questions as what the economy depends on', or how to combine popularity with quality 'in the media or in the production of consumer goods'. Children 'have been led to think of "cultural" topics such as Beethoven, Shakespeare and Rembrandt but never to think critically of their own culture'. Such critical studies may be valuable, but should, in my view, be given in small doses and always as a subsidiary part of history teaching. An orderly and imaginative concept of the past is one of the most important things taught in school. What is here and now should, from the start, be perceived as connected with what is remote

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'Home technology' should be connected with the grander speculations of modern physics. An eight-year-old of my acquaintance was taught to survey the streets around his school but not to look at a map of the world.

One of the fundamental aims of education is to lay down deep retentive structures of understanding. The most essential of these is grammar and language-mastery; and here one must mention too the language of mathematics and (in an appropriate sense) logic. These skills cannot begin too early – when, and not only by the clever, they may be readily grasped; they may be formidably hard to acquire later. A first foreign language should be taught at eight, another (if possible) at ten, another (perhaps) at thirteen. Or are we to have no more savants? Access to higher education is one of the main purposes of school education. Greek or Russian begun at the university is a poor device, serious maths probably impossible. As the authors say, 'our language teaching is a disgrace'. The experiment of teaching French in primary schools is said to have failed. Well, it must be tried again; that is the place for a first, and ideally a second and third, foreign language.

These visions may seem utopian in a society where, a recent survey tells us, 40 per cent of boys of 14 never voluntarily read a book. But a bad disease needs urgent and ambitious remedies. One moral at least must be plain by now. *Education must be selective*. The main defect of this otherwise bold and drastic book is that it does not make this plain enough. (Comprehensive education does not, as some seem to imagine, *mean* non-selective education.) The authors admit that an exam at 14, to be passed by more than 80 per cent, including the handicapped, presents 'no challenge for 50 per cent of children'. This is very important indeed. The authors rightly advocate the examination system but do not draw the full conclusions from their own views. (Perhaps they are a little afraid of the 'non-divisive' lobby after all?) If the general standard is very low at 14 it can scarcely be raised dramatically by 16. Some clever pupils may meet some brilliant teachers but one must not rely upon this fortunate conjunction. The authors rightly say that remedial teaching should start at primary school and not be a last-minute rescue operation. Intensive teaching of clever children should not be a last-minute operation either. Selection should start at primary level. The fact that (as our authors say) 'it is impossible to teach children of very different capacities the same things at the same time' is sometimes used by do-it-yourself education theorists to argue for a 'curriculum for each child'. This is a recipe for the chaos which has become familiar in some schools where the mixture of children and the helplessness of staff make mixed-ability teaching like jungle life.

'There are sound *educational* reasons for splitting children into groups.' It is a measure of our plight that the authors have to italicise 'educational'. The training of the clever should be built into the structure of schooling and not left to chance. An able child is ravenous to learn. Indeed, very many children are, in a disciplined environment, anxious to learn, and prefer, if it is available, order to disorder. It should be normal practice to separate children into sets (or streams) in a reasonable and flexible manner from primary school onward. Why waste precious, irretrievable learning time? Or is the motto, then and later, to be 'entertain and rule'? It will follow that a very easy first public exam at 14 is too late for the able and ambitious child. The authors interestingly point out that public music exams can be taken at various stages from an early age and are linked with O- and A-levels, and they quote a headmaster, Mr Michael Marland, as saying that languages too might be treated in this way. Marland also says that pupils need to know where they stand by some objective external standard as part of their emotional development, and this testing should not wait until they are 16. It is welcome news that the Labour Party seems at last to be accepting the special treatment of the clever as a matter of policy. Shirley Williams is quoted (*The Times*, 23 September) as saying that if equality of opportunity is to be 'anything other than a mockery', then we must meet the needs of 'ethnic minorities, children who live in highrise flats, the handicapped, the dyslexic, and even the exceptionally gifted who make special demands on the educational system'. So long as selection is not publicly adopted as general practice in comprehensive schools children will be denied a fundamental right. At the much-publicised Creighton School the French master admitted that, on the whole, he could offer only 'an idea of the language'. One was also (later) told that the school has a splendid orchestra. If there can be selection to make a splendid orchestra, why can there not be selection to make a splendid French class?

The authors do not fail to mention the importance of teaching techniques. Teaching may be a gift but it is also, in the immediate or 'hypnotic' sense, a teachable skill. One might say that teaching is a matter of constructing special spaces into which people spontaneously step. Such 'spaces' will of course not exist in 'jungle life' classrooms. Much will depend on how *interesting* the teaching profession can become to possible recruits. The authors hope that more centralised research facilities and more research in schools will increase the professional status of teachers and give them a sense of themselves as a professional body. The debate started from a reasonable anxiety about the power of teachers; but all must agree that they are the experts and must always be the prime agents in change and reform. We must have more better teachers. To achieve this it is necessary to raise the status and prestige of the whole profession. And this should involve paying school teachers, comparatively as well as absolutely, a great deal more.

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The Gowk

C. P. Trevelyan 1870-1958: Portrait of a Radical by A. J. A. MORRIS *Blackstaff Press* £7.50

In the 18th century there was a politician known as Single-Speech Hamilton, who achieved fame by his first speech in Parliament and never made another. It would be unfair to credit Charles Trevelyan with only a single decisive act. For one thing he was a highly progressive president of the Board of Education in the two interwar Labour governments. Nevertheless, his importance stems from what he did in August 1914. Though not the only Liberal minister to resign in protest against the British declaration of war on Germany, he was the only one to state publicly the reasons for his resignation, when both Burns and Morley remained silent. He went on to rally the few dissenters and with them founded the Union of Democratic Control, perhaps the most formidable radical body ever to influence British foreign policy.

Trevelyan's dissent and his leadership thereafter were unexpected and seemingly out of character. He came of impeccable Whig stock. Macaulay was his great-uncle. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, his father, was a middle-of-the-road Liberal who dithered towards Unionism before returning to the Gladstonian fold. His two brothers had considerable literary gifts: Robert as a poet, George as the last great exponent of Whig history. Charles had no such gifts. He took a second at Cambridge and could not aspire to the fellowship at Trinity College which was almost an hereditary Trevelyan perquisite. In 1899, when he first became a Liberal MP, he regarded himself as a Liberal Imperialist, supported the Boer war and looked to Asquith and Haldane as his leaders. He took a modest view of his abilities and wrote to his future wife:

> So little do I think there is any good chance of rising to very high position with my mediocre store of knowledge and ability, that I shall tend less and less to try for position and more and more to take a line I think right.

No wonder Trevelyan's father-in-law called him a 'damned serious gowk'.

Trevelyan's judgment of himself helps to explain his political development. Not caring for advancement he could stick to his principles and develop them; unconsciously he perhaps believed that being a Trevelyan was

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advancement enough. He became a typical radical in the days of Asquith's government: an advocate of taxation of land values, ready for Lib-Lab cooperation in social reform, and eager for a conflict with the House of Lords. He shared, too, the radical outlook over foreign affairs. He was against excessive naval expenditure in 1909, and again in 1914. Like other radicals he began with great faith in Grey, writing in 1909, 'There was never a saner man at the head of foreign affairs than Sir Edward Grey.' By 1912 he was disillusioned: 'I am afraid I am becoming more and more definitely opposed to Grey and his whole outlook and policy, his reticence and his sympathies.'

The difference between Trevelyan and other radicals was that they were carried away by Grey's speech of 3 August 1914, when he justified war against Germany by talk of the British obligation of honour towards France. Trevelyan was outraged. Grey and Asquith had repeatedly denied that there was any British commitment to France. Now Grey was invoking it. 'I never was clearer in all my life . . . We have gone to war from a sentimental attachment to the French and hatred of Germany.'

A few other radicals shared Trevelyan's outlook; hardly any were prepared to act. C. P. Scott wrote, 'I agree with your objects, but I should be apt to part company with you as to methods. So I am better out of it.' Trevelyan and Morel launched the Union of Democratic Control. Morel provided the ideas. Trevelyan provided much of the money and became the principal UDC spokesman in Parliament throughout the war. Bernard Shaw thought that Trevelyan should be prime minister: 'You can very soon become the visible alternative nucleus to the George gang and the Asquith ruin' – a characteristically Shavian exaggeration.

Trevelyan lost his seat in 1918. When he returned to Parliament in 1922 it was as a left-wing socialist. As usual he began with great faith in MacDonald and even in Baldwin, 'the two finest men heading the two main political parties that there have been in my time'. As usual he was disillusioned. When MacDonald failed to back his admirable Education Bill during the second Labour government, he resigned, thus escaping the agonised disputes over the financial crisis. There can, however, be no doubt that he would have gone along with the cabinet minority who rejected the cuts in unemployment relief. Trevelyan again lost his seat and never returned to Parliament. He had a last moment of triumph at the annual Labour Party conference in 1933 when he moved a resolution committing the Labour Party to a general strike in case of any threat of war. He wrote: 'It is a quite immensely important decision. It puts the organic Labour movement against *all* war under any circumstances.' Events did not work out like that, as Trevelyan recognised when he supported wholeheartedly the British war against Hitler.

Trevelyan had a happy old age. He became Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland. This alarmed some of the neighbouring gentry who might have swallowed his eccentric politics but were shocked at his stripping to the waist when out rabbit-shooting on a hot day. He inherited the Wallington estate

Barbara Pym
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Franco is Dying

'An immediacy of touch and taste and smell which sets the reader down there on the Spanish earth. None of the characters is a stereotype . . . if this is a thriller, it is one which grips the mind as well as the nerves.' *Alan Brien, Sunday Times* £4.95

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'I am glad that this famous book has been reissued. Emotional, digressive, highly subjective, it will always puzzle and infuriate the professional historian, yet in no other way could Rebecca West have recreated so perfectly a vanished era as well as a country and a people which have been changed beyond recognition.' *Hubert Butler, Irish Times* £9.95

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MACMILLAN LONDON

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on his father's death in 1928 and devoted himself to restoring it. Wallington became a centre for left-wing politics and culture, housing the People's Theatre of Newcastle and providing youth hostels. In 1941 he handed over Wallington with a large endowment to the National Trust. Charles Trevelyan died in 1958 in his 88th year, still young at heart. I wish Mr Morris had given us more passages from Trevelyan's correspondence in his later years when he was still vocal over political matters. Michael Karolyi told me that Charles Trevelyan was the British politician whom he most esteemed. This was no mean tribute.

Maurice Richardson

Walkabout

A Time of Gifts by PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR *Murray* £6.50
In Patagonia by BRUCE CHATWIN *Cape* £4.95

Raddled with motorways, the globe lies shrunken like some moribund old hostess, while overhead argosies of packaged zombies are flown faster than sound from one Hilton to another. The lagoon at Bora Bora – the Polynesian Delphi – is choked with coca cola bottles. A disjointed time for travel books. Yet here are two that would stand out in any company.

Actually, the walk from the Hook of Holland to Constantinople, which is the subject of *A Time of Gifts,* doesn't belong to our own polluted period; it was taken in 1933 when Leigh Fermor was 18. He kept a diary but his memory must be truly elephantine, so copious and immediate is the detail. Chronic and infectious euphoria is one of P.L.F.'s strong points. You feel it coming off him in waves as he starts walking east from Rotterdam, exulting in the Breughelian aspect of the Dutch landscape under snow. The blend of Young Self with the Old Self who provides the knowledge and wisdom of hindsight is perfectly harmonious.

Often he slept rough. Often he was taken in and put up. Sometimes, as when those two angelic girls in Stuttgart picked him up in a shop and insisted on his staying in their parents' flat, his looks and charm did the trick. But, as he remarked, the German tradition of hospitality to wanderers, especially students (totally unknown in this country – it extended to the properties of quite posh hotels), was still operating. His reactions to the political climate are interesting because, apart from a natural distaste for Nazism, he was free from any *idées fixes.* In one Rheinland town he had a particularly significant encounter with a clownish character in a pub who offered him a camp bed for the night.

> The room turned out to be a shrine of Hitlerism . . . When I said it must be rather claustrophobic with all that stuff on the walls he laughed and sat down on his bed and said, 'Mensch! You should have seen it last year. Then you would have laughed! It was all red flags, stars, hammer and sickles, pictures of Lenin and Stalin and Workers of the World Unite. I used to punch the head of anyone singing the Horst Wessel Lied.'

A terrific booze-up at the Hofbrauhaus in Munich is the occasion for one of his set pieces. (These, which occur at intervals, may be touched off by German medieval architecture, the complexities of late-medieval chivalry, or the painting of Cranach and Grünewald.) The various floors and cellars, each given over to a different class of drinker, with raucous brownshirts lurching out through a heavy arched door to vomit on the trampled snow, culminate in a Götterdämmerung fantasy in which Nibelungs and the Grendel family become inextricably mixed.

In Munich his passport and money were stolen but the British Consul turned up trumps. So did his introductions. Baron Rheinhardt von Liphart Ratsoff fed him and clothed him and gave him a beautiful 17th-century edition of Horace to replace the one that had been nicked. In Austria he fell in with scholarly counts and former diplomats living in remote castles, as well versed in literature as in Edwardian scandal – utterly different from the imbecile 'Graf Bobby', a traditional Viennese figure of fun. He arrived in Vienna in the middle of fighting between the Heimwehr and the social democrats, and stayed with English Chelsea-type friends. He leaves us in the Hungarian marches, muttering to himself Metternich's dictum 'East of Vienna the Orient begins', shaking off a slight hangover and with it a jocular warning in a Danubeside café to beware of being snatched off the bank by a giant catfish; they've been known to measure 14 feet. He is barely halfway to Constantinople and a continuation is promised

In Patagonia is just the kind of mildly melancholic savoury you need to follow Leigh Fermor's manic profusion. Bruce Chatwin is an original: laconic, wistful, sweet and sour, detached and sympathetic, with a sharp eye for the curious. He writes very well indeed in a clear, streamlined, educated cis-Atlantic style that reminds you a little of Evelyn Waugh. He has a special gift for catching the *genius loci* of this strange springboard into the Void.

> The Patagonian desert is not a desert of sand or gravel, but a low thicket of grey-leaved thorns which give off a bitter smell when crushed. Unlike the deserts of Arabia it has not produced dramatic excesses of the spirit, but it does have a place in the record of human experience. Charles Darwin found its negative qualities irresistible . . .

Was it not here, too, that Darwin caught, from a Chagas Beetle, the trypanosomal disease that was later to be gloriously misdiagnosed by the psychoanalysts as a form of depressive neurosis?

Chatwin became fixated on Patagonia as a child by a family curio, a piece of skin which his grandmother told him was from a brontosaurus, and had been brought home by a seafaring ancestor. In the museum at La Plata in 1974 he found a splendid plaster dinosaur and, later, a very satisfactory seafaring ancestor in old Charley, a Cape Horn veteran, who had written a truly terrifying story of maritime disaster with albatrosses going for the survivors' eyes.

Patagonian history is complicated. The 'kingdom of Araucania and Patagonia' still maintains a court in exile in Paris – and a pretender, Prince Philippe. South from La Plata, where W. H. Hudson wrote his tranquil, quietist *Idle Days In Patagonia,* is the Welsh in schools. The multinational aspect in 1865 by 153 baffled separatists, emigrant protestants against parliament's ban on Welsh in schools. The multinational aspect is further emphasised by the Institute Bahai at the Welsh town of Trevelin, where the graduates consisted of one Bolivian negro and six ex-students from Teheran University. The name Patagonia, given the region by Magellan, comes from the dog-headed monster, the Patagon, in 'Amadis of Gaul'. The giant Patagon 'Paul', whom Magellan lured on board to take home and present to Charles V, died of scurvy.

Heading south, Chatwin found original source material for the last days of Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid and Etta Place, his beautiful moll, protagonists of a famous real-life melodrama early in the century. And he recaps the history of the anarchist

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Among this week's contributors:

MAURICE RICHARDSON is the author of *The Exploits of Engelbrecht: A Surrealist Sportsman's Sketches*; his most recent book is *The Fascination of Reptiles.*

JOHN JONES's publications include *John Keats's Dream of Truth* and *The Egotistical Sublime.*

EDWINA PYGGE was for a short time a ticket vendor at the Oman Zoo.

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'rebellion' of 1921, put down in a fierce mini-bloodbath by the Argentinian army, to the applause of the English settlers. On he goes, south to Tierra del Fuego and Ushuaia, last town before the Horn, quietly collecting more stories and local eccentrics, including one leathery old lady whose bête noir is 'that awful woman who pretends she is English'. His farewell paragraph is a description of a crab-canning factory at Punta Arenas run by a hyper-efficient German 'with some previous experience of the production line . . . Herman Rauff is credited with the invention and administration of the mobile gas-oven'. Mr Chatwin has written a fascinating, readable book about a difficult, uncomfortable place. And so, as the film travelogue commentator used to say, we take our leave of

> Patagonia weird and wild,
> Meet nurse for an autistic child.

Neal Ascherson

Dear Green Place

Glasgow by DAVID DAICHES *Deutsch* £6.95

'Glasgow is, indeed, a very fine city,' wrote Defoe.

> The four principal streets are the fairest for breadth and the finest built that I have ever seen in one city together . . . in a word, 'tis the cleanest and beautifullest and best built city in Britain, London excepted.

Handsome little stone town by the Molendinar burn, burgh famous for the sweet scent of its orchards and gardens, nicely-ruled community with its regulations against the dumping of 'nestines' (human ordure) and its flowery meadows by the Clyde where citizens watched the villagers of Govan taking fat salmon out of the stake-nets, city whose name seems in Gaelic to mean 'dear green place' . . . how did it come to this? How did the model of prosperity, civic foresight and Victorian planning become the black monster of MacDiarmid's *Hymns to Lenin*, where the people – in a horrible image – became 'the food the houses live and grow on'?

The other day, when I was halfway through this book, I walked about the district between Townhead and the Cathedral and Glasgow Cross – the old heart of the city. No comprehensive redevelopment made that desolation. Rotten Row looks as if it had been bombed; the Drygate is a bleak housing estate already grimy. The High Street is a canyon of decayed 19th-century tenements: through urinous closes there are glimpses of weeds. The College Goods Station, where the medieval university was torn down to make a railway yard, has itself become a façade concealing a plain of rubble. At the Cross, nothing remains of the four great arcaded streets which once met in a spacious market place: the Trongate is dishevelled and the Gallowgate leads out into scenes of inner-city decay on an altogether vaster scale. Then I went to Professor

V. S. NAIPAUL

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JOHN MURRAY

Daiches's publishing party in the School of Art, and listened to yet another Lord Provost – a Tory these days – whingeing about the persecution of Glasgow by the media.

Glasgow has its splendours still, and cultural achievements (like the new home for Scottish Opera) which can put Edinburgh to shame. It also has horror areas which make the condition of the ancient centre seem trivial. But the forlornness of High Street and Cross, the historic heart, carries a particularly clear message. The past is now nothing but the question: what is to be done now?

Professor Daiches has written a pleasant, diligent book. There has been the usual banter about an Edinburgh man writing on Glasgow, and it is a work with Edinburgh qualities: scholarship, aesthetic enjoyment, a quiet but determined refusal to take fire and be polemical. We see the burghers of the old city trying to survive the violent political history of Scotland rather than making it: brief occupations by Montrose and his Highlanders, by Claverhouse and by the Covenanters, by the Jacobites. The citizens never resisted. The city fathers bowed with all winds, and paid out to be left in peace.

Here were the foundations of the curious place which Glasgow still occupies in Scotland's politics: a city-state involved with the outside world – whether through foreign trade or the proudly international ideals of Clydeside socialism – but reluctant to be drawn into the affairs of Scotland as a whole. Glasgow's economic strength was the power to adapt. Linen rose and fell, and cotton replaced it. The tobacco trade with the American colonies (Professor Daiches is particularly good on the tobacco lords of the city, their family connections and their architecture) almost collapsed after the War of Independence, but manufacturing – first textiles and then iron, shipbuilding and finally heavy engineering – came to take its place. The shallow Clyde was narrowed and dredged. The City Improvement Trust built houses, sewers, parks. Cheap tramcars rattled from one side of the conurbation to another. The population grew ten times larger in a century. The world sailed Clyde-built, then steamed on the inventions of Govan engineers. Glasgow was Cosmopolis. Then it fell.

The best of Professor Daiches's book is about the Victorian city. He gives much space to the theatre and the music-hall, and even more to architecture. He does not overlook poverty and inequality, but the impression left is of a closely-packed catalogue of events, buildings, benefactors and occasions which do Glasgow credit. Glasgow's people, mutinous and witty, are better than any of these ornaments. They deserve a better town, and Professor Daiches does not do more than observe Glasgow's awful decline with compassion. Other recent books, like S. G. Checkland's brilliant *The Upas Tree*, have taken the chance to analyse the decline and to speculate. The politics of Glasgow are seen here through a distancing lens (how could a book about Glasgow not mention John MacLean?), and yet there must be a political solution, perhaps even state seizure of a great city whose problems have passed far beyond the capabilities of conventional local government.

The book ends with the city motto: 'Let Glasgow Flourish'. Let anyone visit Düsseldorf or Turin or Bilbao today and return to Glasgow without feeling sick at heart. Put Glasgow into an intensive care unit, and the Lord Provost can buy grapes while the surgeons work.

John Sturrock

Storm Warning

Chateaubriand: A Biography, Vol. I: The Longed-For Tempests by GEORGE D. PAINTER *Chatto* £7.95

Chateaubriand was the André Malraux of Revolutionary and Restoration France. As a young man he was famously nervous, intelligent and rash. He mixed briefly and superficially with the literary progressives in Paris, explored not very effectively in the already explored parts of North America and, once the royalist cause was clearly lost, after the flight to Varennes, fought with the *émigré* army in the east against the levies of the Revolution. He passed easily from literature into politics but was nowhere near as talented for the second as he had been for the first: he became one of the ornaments of the legitimist, often cynical Right, but was usually several removes from the seats of power. He showed more energy than he did principle; his Romanticism, like Malraux's, went beyond the brave slogans of the cafés and actually directed his life. They had the same olympian belief in destiny, and in Men of Destiny: Malraux sold his soul to De Gaulle, Chateaubriand almost but not quite sold his to Napoleon, the 'superior individual' who obsessed him but whom he would not forgive for his sordid execution of the duc d'Enghien or for the war with Spain. Both Malraux and Chateaubriand, lastly, found excitement in oratory, and loved nothing better than an important funeral, with its excuses for rhetoric.

Chateaubriand, an influential if nowadays unfashionable writer, is to get three volumes of biography from George Painter, where Marcel Proust got only two. That is reasonable; his life was much more eventful and significant than Proust's and he left behind, in his vast *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, or 'Memoirs from Beyond the Grave', his own remarkable chronicle of it (would that Proust had done the same and so prevented Painter from the unpardonable sin of treating his mighty novel as if it were some artless *roman à clef*). Chateaubriand lived to be 80 and he lived through extraordinary

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times, his adult life falling neatly between 1789, when he was 21, and 1848, the year he died and the year of another, lesser but still crucial revolution in France. Painter's volume goes from his birth in 1768 to his clandestine departure from Jersey for England in 1793, en route for the worst, most lowering experiences of his life, not least the teaching of French to the crass schoolchildren of Beccles and Bungay in Suffolk.

He was born on what one can only say was a suspiciously blowy day in Saint-Malo. A gale was raging in the channel; it blew for 24 days without dropping and was allegedly at its wildest on the day the infant Chateaubriand came complaining into the world. Though he remained in it for 80 years, that world was, he said over and over, an inhospitable place to which he would rather not have come. Was the storm that met him on his arrival, then, a genuine meteorological freak or a fiction whistled up by himself in later life to prove that the weather had been against him from the start? There is romance as well as reminiscence in Chateaubriand's memoirs, particularly at those points in his life where the mere facts are too paltry to serve the high purposes of the historian.

His early soulfulness was anyway mostly pose. If he was unsociable when he was 18 it was because he had been so negligently brought up by his family of minor Breton aristocrats. His alarming father was preoccupied with trade – the slave-trade included – not with the social graces, and saw Paris as a place of abomination. Chateaubriand's adolescence, as remembered by himself and as retold by Painter, had more landscape in it than people. His hero, and no wonder, was Rousseau, and it was the doctrinaire Nature-lover who eventually set off for North America, eager to come face to face with the Noble Savages of that innocent land and to compare them favourably with the warped sophisticates of Europe. Painter, one of whose books I see was on the Vinland Map, follows Chateaubriand step by confusing step from Boston to Ohio Mouth, partly for the sake of thoroughness and partly to show that he wasn't necessarily lying when he became a little hazy over names and dates in his own account of the journey. It was a long trek but a disappointing one: he had originally planned, quite impractically, to cross the continent from Atlantic to Pacific and to find the North-West Passage for good measure. But if he redrew no maps he learned enough about the New World to make use of it in his writing, notably as the setting for the sad events of *Atala* and *René*, the two lachrymose tales which ten years later launched the new century well and truly on its pursuit of frustrated passions.

Painter's *Chateaubriand* looks like being, as his *Proust* was, an enormously full life but an annoying one. It is good to have so much scholarship and sympathy being given to a worthy case like Chateaubriand, bad that for whole paragraphs at a time the book should read as if Chateaubriand had written it and not Painter. The natural descriptions are long and upsettingly rich: I came over quite queasy in the American chapters. One can only hope Painter is quoting, not imagining, when he assures us that, to give just one small example, 'the sun cast lengthening pillars and creeping arabesques of shadow on the lawns, then darted a red ray through the foliage, like a carbuncle set in sombre green'. That sort of thing is a good reason for not reading Chateaubriand; to quote it is no way to revive him. Painter's second volume, mercifully, will have to abandon the carbuncular wilderness for the prosaic built-up areas of London and Paris.

Derek Mahon

Mitts Up

The Lion's Mouth by KATHLEEN RAINE
Hamish Hamilton £4.95

A Proper Gentleman by VERNON SCANNELL
Robson Books £3.95

'It is easy', says Kathleen Raine in her third and last volume of autobiography,

> to see why, as a poet concerned only with perfection and habitually selecting images and symbols of ordered beauty, I disregarded as *non-existent*, unimportant, not to the purpose, the imperfect, the distorted, the vulgar,

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> all which falls short and does not bear the stamp and signature for which I looked. That is not to say that I do not see such things – on the contrary, I am jarred, bored or pained as the case may be; but pay only so much attention to such things as is necessary for the putting of them from my mind.

My italics. It would be an understatement to say that Miss Raine's is a refined sensibility; it is refined almost out of existence. More charitably, one might cite Rimbaud: she is not in this world – *la vraie vie est absente.*

Vernon Scannell, though also a poet and also a person of sensibility, is perfectly well equipped to deal with this world. He must be thoroughly fed up by now with people mentioning that he was once a professional boxer (a boxing poet – fancy that), but the fact has some bearing on the story he tells. It would be hard to imagine two poets with less in common (Miss Raine elitist, mystical and devoid of humour; Scannell egalitarian, empirical and often funny); and harder still to imagine Miss Raine spending, as Scannell did, nine months as writer-in-residence in a hideous and desolate 'new town' without going mad. Even Scannell, an equable man as adroit with a pint of bitter as with his mitts, found his reason becoming unhinged and got out in the nick of time.

It was St John Perse who advised Miss Raine to put her head in the lion's mouth and publish an account of her painful relationship with the late Gavin Maxwell. The relationship was platonic in the strict sense of the word as well as in the looser sense. Maxwell, who was homosexual, explained at the outset that there could be no hanky-panky, and she seems to have accepted the terms his nature imposed. (So she says, anyhow, although one sometimes suspects the lady doth protest too much; she was clearly head-over-heels in love with him.) The strict platonism of the relationship derived from her own philosophical position and from shared childhood landscapes 'above the frontiers of the human' where she believes their friendship was formed before they ever met. And if such fancies appear to the cynical like a sublimation, she is ready with her reply: who would forgo the fruits of sublimation (the shared poetry, the life of the mind) for the satisfaction of a mere animal instinct? Everyone will have his or her own answer.

It's clear from her earlier volumes of autobiography that she was capable of a certain ruthlessness in human affairs for the sake of 'ordered beauty'; but in her relations with Gavin Maxwell it was he who was ruthless. She tries very hard to explain what a charming and elevated person he was; but one is left with the distinct impression that this lover of animals was a pretty harsh customer when it came to beings of his own kind, like Kathleen Raine. (Not that she failed to give him cause, being more or less directly responsible for the death of Maxwell's first and favourite otter, the central character in *Ring of Bright Water.*) The effect is to cast the author in a more favourable light than hitherto. Her rejection of all that is 'imperfect', 'distorted' and 'vulgar' has, in the nature of things, often meant a rejection of poor, stupid mankind and its shoddy works; and she has now paid, with dignity and grace, the price of her abstract idealism.

'Ordered beauty' had little place in Berinsfield, Oxfordshire, where Scannell did his nine-month stint. A wartime RAF station converted into a soulless desert of 'red brick, bingo and booze', it greeted the bard with open hostility and finally drove him away. The hostility derived from the fact that Scannell, through no fault of his own, had jumped the housing queue; and for this he was never forgiven. The local bike boys gathered in the evenings to jeer at the poet ('Knock-kneed old fucker!' Why knock-kneed, wonders Scannell peevishly, I'm not knock-kneed) as he crossed the street to the pub. He yearned to go in there and sort them out, but they would scatter at his approach. Sickened by their endless, boring taunts, he packed up and fled. A sad story, but one enlivened by vivid autobiographical flashbacks and memorable anecdotes. Fortunately, most people inhabit a temperate climate somewhere between the cold perfection of Kathleen Raine's 'ordered beauty' and the intellectual squalor of Berinsfield; or would it be truer to say that most people inhabit some kind of Berinsfield?

'Censorship of the press is called workers' participation
The capturing of important posts in the Labour Party and trade unions by malevolent minorities is called expressing the people's will
Blood thirsty terrorism on building sites is called peaceful picketing
Prevention of secret postal ballots in union affairs is called protecting union members from undemocratic outside interference...'

Woodrow Wyatt
What's Left of the Labour Party?

Sidgwick & Jackson
1 Tavistock Chambers
Bloomsbury Way
London WC1A 2SG
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Edwina Pygge

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Manwatching by DESMOND MORRIS *Cape* £7.95

Things have got bad at home, and it's not only because of the crowding. Grandma was overkill in the kitchen and we had to put her out in the symbolic remnant of an ancient feeding-ground to cool off among the roses. God am I tired of Norman's super-normalised beanbag too, the way it crackles and rustles every time he lies. If that's the amount of non-verbal leakage he's giving off, then a good old-fashioned armchair would do better, and he could indulge in his auto-contact signals without making us throw up every time. You have no idea how a super-normalised beanbag reacts to extreme auto-contact – and if he pairs and then bonds with Norma next door I'm going to walk out of the territory altogether. She's been indulging in some pretty terrifying hints lately, resting her chin on her own shoulder and shortening her skirts in absolute defiance of the long-skirt/economic-recession syndrome, and I'm afraid Norman is going to get around soon to holding her hand. He's far more likely to hold her hand than to hold Sid's, which is funny when you come to think of it. His pupils dilate whenever he looks at that awful photo of her in a bikini. So he's not leaking for once, I'm afraid.

But how are they going to get me out? This is my territory; it's where I make my hand movements and my contact signals; it's where I can eat messily and lie in my ancient feeding-ground to get a bit of sun.

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That's my baby, bad-tempered all the time, the little sod, because he was born just before the Leboyer method, screaming away in his playpen, territory-within-territory, in that so-called safe nest of mine, my bedroom. They can't just throw me out, although they know I'm studying their intention movements. They hate me, particularly since I started on my body adornment kick, and they won't forgive my behaviour at their latest barbecue Status Display. Well, why shouldn't I get tired of ordinary body adornment and turn to body self-mimicry? I know I'm not a man and I shouldn't have painted a big phallus on my torso, but I was only trying to confuse the Gender Signals for the fun of it. In this field, where a false hand movement can mean days of making notes, you have to be careful. It's a frightening zone to have to inhabit: obscenity lurks round every corner, with a dipped middle finger meaning something too horrible and Arabic for words, and a finger tweaking an ear suggesting the probable homosexuality of that man over there (Sid did it to Norman, but it was a Contradictory Signal, he got his multimessages mixed and Norman threw him out). Fingers rush to the side of the nose, too, when there's leakage, so one has to be on the *qui vive* all the time.

I think what I object to most in this new study field I'm involved in is the way our teacher, that Mr Morris, puts our aggressive behaviour at home down to the simple fact of there being too many of us – there's Grandma and Norman and Phil-and-Catherine (they're bonded) and their baby and my baby and Phil's sister who never paired and *her* baby – and I know it comes to a lot, but I do feel he can't explain away world wars and massacres by saying that our large numbers in a small space make us want to get at each other's throats. He's very nervous of the whole inborn/acquired question, as well he might be, but I just get this sneaking feeling he belongs to the new mystico-scientific school where you give out a steady stream of boring and incontrovertible data and somewhere along the line you slip

---

Geoffrey Grigson

On Not Learning Russian

Peculiar Alphabet, you lay, in
My dream, widely, letting me in,
Conferring on me your unfamiliar
Shapes, your sounds also,
For the sake of him.

But it is too late. I look
Through your great railings,
Your avenue. Leading in glitter
To your palaces of more brilliant
Yellow and blue.

I cannot pick the great lock.
Now, Cold Alphabet, snow falls.
Too late for me to begin,
Too late to attempt to come in,
Even for him.

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in the message that all *people* actually are are 'flesh-containers', carriers of the genes through the ages. It's the Western version of reincarnation: you're just a temporary holder of the gene and then you pass on, like playing musical chairs. The only trouble is, though, that this theory excuses brutality very neatly. If you fight, you're only fighting for your gene. If you go to help a stranger, it's an ancient tribal instinct coming out, from glorious olden days when there were so few people in the world you just had to be related to Edward the Confessor. Somehow I can't help feeling, as I struggle along in this course, that this study of individual behaviour denies all individuality. But there's Grandma, a worn-out flesh-container and still sexually active unlike other primates of her age . . . I can see Threat Signals – when she talks to me nowadays, we can't synchronise and when she nods I wink and vice versa, which leads to overkill again. So I'd better run, even if my buttocks, breasts and other gender signals are going to make me get to the kitchen door a lot less quickly than a man.

Julian Barnes

Pantyhose

Full Disclosure by WILLIAM SAFIRE *Hutchinson* £4.95
Dynasty by ROBERT ELEGANT *Collins* £5.50
The Thorn Birds by COLLEEN MCCULLOUGH *MacDonald & Jane's* £4.95
Lancelot by WALKER PERCY *Secker & Warburg* £4.50

As it happens, a few weeks ago I was talking to William Safire's New York agent, and listening with the respect due to the man who flogged the US paperback rights of *Full Disclosure* for $1,375,000. His view of publishing is agreeably unsentimental, and he is apt to compare the mass marketing of books to that of pantyhose. For each commodity the customers – mostly women – and

D. J. Enright

Mysteries in History

His Majesty shows himself to an admiring crowd –
'Look, Mummy,
The Emperor isn't wearing any clothes!'
Fantastic, astounding –
Out of the mouth of a babe and a suckling!

What happened to the little boy?
What happened to the mother who suckled him?
What happened to the Emperor?

Well, the little boy's father clipped him over the ear,
His mother sent him to bed without any supper, and
No more was said about it since there was a lot of
Cheering at the time and nobody else had heard him.

Or: the little boy was chopped up into littler pieces
And so were his parents, whereupon peace and prosperity
Descended once more on the land.

Or: the Emperor was a forgetful old fellow, and when
He removed his old clothes but forgot to put the new ones
On, people were too polite to mention it, except for
The priggish small boy who in fact was a trainee agent
In the pay of a neighbouring country which abhorred
Emperors, imperialism and new clothes, and the Emperor
Was forced to flee into exile, clad in rags.

Or: the Emperor was a pervert and so was the little boy,
And nudity lay in the eye of the beholder, and the boy
Became the royal favourite, and banished his family, and
Shared the throne with the Emperor ever after.

Or: obviously there was more than met the eye, since
The Emperor was demonstrably wearing his new clothes, so
A court of inquiry was set up, and it was discovered that
The boy had a special sort of penetrating vision, and
He was fast achieving fame and fortune as a diagnostician
When he lost his sight at the age of sixteen.

It was all so long ago, the truth may never prevail,
But the popular version sounds much like a fairy tale.

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the best retail outlets – drugstores, station bookstalls, chain stores – are remarkably congruent. Indeed, if only he owned a pantyhose firm, he said, the first thing he would diversify into would be paperbacks.

Nor need the comparison end there. Like pantyhose, the novels currently dominating the US mass-market lists come in one standard length and yet fit nearly everybody. Safire Elegant and McCullough may differ in pattern and denier size, but struggle into one of these novels and you will find it adapting itself cunningly to your contours and needs. There is the large, someone-for-everyone cast; the consciously universal theme (and setting – Elegant calmly takes on the whole world); the plain, but deliberately 'high' style, with difficult vocabulary explained ('antipodean, the other pole from ours' – Elegant); the showy signalling of any humour; the dutiful reminders about the plot, which leave characters helplessly explaining what they already know to other characters who already know it ('the Third World, by which we mean . . .' – Safire); and the roundly stated cracker-barrel conclusions, offering wisdom for home application.

That's not to say that there aren't variations of quality among these 600-page wrist-looseners. Safire and Elegant are more Macy's than drugstore. Both are experienced journalists cashing in on their years of groundwork: Elegant was a *Newsweek* staffer in Asia, and pots 70 years of Chinese history for us; Safire, a former Nixon-Agnew speechwriter and current *New York Times* columnist (he coined the inaccurate and tacky label 'Lancegate'), offers a beaver-shot of White House power. *Full Disclosure* postulates the blinding of the President (during an assassination attempt in Russia) and imagines the attempts to unseat him by using the 25th ('disability') Amendment. It's less a novel than a lively what-if scenario of the sort which, one imagines, White House speechwriters must bat around among themselves on dull days; who knows, there may even be a special file on just this eventuality among the contingency-planning dossiers at Pennsylvania Avenue. As with *Dynasty*, though, the main interest it offers is factual (or projected-factual) – about the sort of soap you get on Air Force One, and the planning of presidential press conferences, and the similarity of Safire's courtly White House adviser Lucas Cartwright to the real Clark Clifford. Away from such matters, the going gets decidedly boggier, with stuff like: 'they were the acknowledged free spirits, who had read and tasted of Paris, youth, night, and the moon.'

But if this sort of line sticks out in *Full Disclosure* it is, in a way, a compliment. In *The Thorn Birds* (US paperback rights $1.9m) it would come across as a tightly-phrased, hard, cynical sneer of a remark. Colleen McCullough hits the pantyhose market slap in the gusset – with, for example, chapter-openings like this:

> The road to Drogheda brought back no memories of his youth, thought Father Ralph de Bricassart, eyes half shut against the glare as his new Daimler bounced along in the rutted wheel track that marched through the long silver grass.

There's a lot of plot in that innocuous line: Irishness (=fierce emotion); Catholicism (= the church with the best social hierarchy, plus spirituality, plus something to betray for love); Daimler (=posh living); silver grass (=posh nature), memory (=multi-generational fiction). The rest can be deduced from the title: a thorn bird, you'll need to know, is one that impales itself instinctively, passionately, on a thorn which kills it; as it dies, it sings, out-carolling the lark, or so they say. Beautiful, instinctive Meggie is the bird; dishy padre Ralph is the thorn; rich, enviable Miss McCullough is the beneficiary. Something old (her style), something new (earthy speech, bedwetting), something borrowed (no room for details) and something blue (priest-boffing): you never know, it might even find a chink in *your* armour.

All of which leaves the real novel, this week, in the hands of Walker Percy: careful, capable hands too. Percy is still 'the author of *The Moviegoer*' in rather the same way as Charles Webb has remained 'the author of *The Graduate*'; talented and sophisticated novelists though they both are, with each new title there comes a nagging fear that they might end up as one-book men. *The Moviegoer* (now reissued by Secker at £4.10) memorably turned on the primacy of what we assume is, or ought to be, secondary experience. Its hero Jack Bolling knew that it *ought* to be nice meeting a girl in Central Park in the sunshine, and he'd even given it a try; but his feelings told him that the real kicks were to be had from watching, for the *n*th time, John Wayne taking out three hoodlums as he falls to the dusty street in *Stagecoach*, or the cat sniffing out Orson Welles in *The Third Man*.

Lancelot also features a wry, isolated, meditative narrator, again from the New Orleans professional classes, again resting up in comfort and abstraction, playing at work and working at play; like Jack, he's quite happy sitting in his converted dovecote waiting for the news on TV and slumbering spiritually. Percy's creation of this character in whom all emotions have apparently been ironed out into mere 'interest' is excellently done, especially good on Lancelot's Sixties liberalism (when supporting the Black cause not only gave you the kick of being right but also let you enjoy being unpopular with other whites). As you may guess from the title, though, Walker Percy has grander ambitions this time out: his novel plays in a downbeat, modern way with the Grail myth – the difference being that in contemporary Mississippi it's not Lancelot who gets to sleep with the king's wife, but his own wife who gets to sleep with a movie-maker called Merlin; there's a priest-confidant called Percival; and the quest this time is a negative version of the original one – an explicitly-stated 'search for the truth at the heart of evil'. In other words, Lancelot goes berserk with a Bowie knife and a kerosene lamp, burns down his house and kills his wife and her second-string lover. That the novel survives its silly mythic impositions is a tribute to Mr Percy's strength as a naturally wry and ordered novelist.

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MARTIN BUTLIN and EVELYN JOLL The Paintings of J. M. W. Turner (2 vols) *Yale* £65
HOWARD COLVIN A Biographical Dictionary of British Architects 1600-1840 *Murray* £30
KENNETH CLARK An Introduction to Rembrandt *Murray* £6.95
MARK GIROUARD Sweetness and Light: The 'Queen Anne' Movement 1860-1900 *Oxford* £15
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BERNARD LEACH Beyond East and West *Faber* £6.95
MICHEL REMY British Surrealism *Thames & Hudson* £2.95
ARTURO SCHWARZ Man Ray: The Rigour of Imagination *Thames & Hudson* £16
ADRIAN STOKES The Critical Writings of Adrian Stokes (Vols I-III) *Thames & Hudson* £12.50 per vol.
LESTER WILLIAMS 20th Century Naïve and Primitive Painters *Architectural Press* £9.95

Autobiography and Letters

FANNY BURNEY The Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney Volume VII: 1812-1814, ed. Edward and Lilian Bloom *Oxford* £15
P. J. CAMPBELL The Ebb and Flow of Battle *Hamish Hamilton* £4.95
RAYMOND CHANDLER The Notebooks of Raymond Chandler, ed. Frank MacShane *Weidenfeld* £4.50
AGATHA CHRISTIE An Autobiography *Collins* £7.95
KENNETH CLARK The Other Half: A Self-Portrait *Murray* £6.50
RICHARD CROSSMAN Diaries of a Cabinet Minister: Volume III; Secretary of State for Social Services 1968-1970 *Cape and Hamish Hamilton* £12.50
ABBA EBAN An Autobiography *Weidenfeld* £7.95
WILLIAM FAULKNER Selected Letters, ed. Joseph Blotner *Scolar Press* £10
EDWARD FITZGERALD Fitzgerald to his Friends, ed. Alethea Hayter *Scolar Press* £8
THOMAS HARDY Collected Letters Volume I ed. Richard Little Purdy and Michael Millgate *Oxford* £12.50
DAVID HIGHAM Literary Gent *Cape* £8.50
ALEXANDRA KOLLONTAI Selected Writings *Allison & Busby* £6.50 and £2.95
SIR RICHARD MARSH Memoirs *Weidenfeld* £5.95
HENRY MILLER Book of Friends *W. H. Allen* £3.95
SIR LESLIE STEPHEN Sir Leslie Stephen's Mausoleum Book, ed. Alan Bell *Oxford* £4.25
VLADIMIR VOINOVICH The Ivankiad *Cape* £3.50
EVELYN WAUGH A Little Order: A Selection from his Journalism *Eyre Methuen* £5.50
SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB The Letters of Sidney and Beatrice Webb: Vol. I Apprenticeships 1873-1892; Vol. II Partnership 1892-1912; Vol. III Pilgrimage 1912-1947 *Cambridge* £15 per volume
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Biography

WILLIAM ALLISON and JOHN FAIRLEY The Monocled Mutineer *Quartet* £4.25
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WILLY BRANDT People and Politics *Collins* £6.95
GLADYS MARY COLES The Flower of Light: A Biography of Mary Webb *Duckworth* £6
PATRICK COSGRAVE Margaret Thatcher: A Political Biography *Hutchinson* £4.95
MAUREEN DUFFY The Passionate Shepherdess: Aphra Behn 1640-89 *Cape* £6.50
JANE DUNN Moon in Eclipse: A Life of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley *Weidenfeld* £5.95
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HAMISH SWANSTON In Defence of Opera *Allen Lane* £6.50 *and Penguin* £1.25
BOB THOMAS The Walt Disney Biography *New English Library* £9.50

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BRIGID BROPHY Palace without Chairs *Hamish Hamilton* £4.25
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

Little Apple

The Lace-Maker (AA) *Academy Two*
Equus (AA) *Odeon, Haymarket*
Operation Thunderbolt (A) *ABC 1, Shaftesbury Avenue*
That Female Scent (X) *Curzon*
The Rescuers (U) *Odeon, St Martin's Lane*
Welcome to Blood City (AA) *Scene 2, Swiss Centre*

The French-Swiss director Claude Goretta's *The Lace-Maker* is a quieter and more purposeful affair than his second feature *The Invitation*, a discreet though sparkling joke at the expense of the bourgeoisie, with some wittily observed characters thawing out in all directions during a sunny, drunken party in a garden. The attraction of his new film is that one can almost always predict where it is going next and yet one remains surprised by the swift, artfully simple freshness of its progress. Béatrice, a freckle-faced little thing of 18, usually known as Pomme for her addiction to apples and apple juice, is a trainee in a hairdressing salon, a shy watcher. She goes on holiday to Proust's Cabourg with an embittered colleague recovering from a jilting, after three years, by a married man. The girl friend soon picks up an American and moves out of their hotel, leaving Pomme to her own meagre resources. Pomme in turn is gently wooed by a vaguely pretentious young student, goes as gently to live with him back in Paris, is happy for a spell. Time breaks the spell; her François tires of her unwillingness to 'better' herself; she ends up in a mental hospital.

Goretta's distinguishing mark as a director is the humane and painstaking devotion he brings to watching his people, catching them – for us – unawares. Pomme's workmate, the worldly, vulgar Marylène, threatens suicide over the phone to her ex-lover but chucks a giant white teddy bear out of the window instead. Pomme asks if she should fetch it from the pavement below; and later, at stuffy Cabourg, wanders after her tipsy chum as they quit a discothèque at night, stolidly gathering up her abandoned garments. Their hotel room has paper-thin walls and Pomme turns up the transistor to blot out the noises of love-making from next door, docilely switching to classical music when François visits her there and expresses a preference. She is a virgin and their own first love-making is very sweetly and probably suggested; her faintly mischievous smile on the beach the following morning tells all. Isabelle Huppert is beautifully found in a role that has the camera attendant on every facet of her passivity. As the student, so fastidious that peaches set his teeth on edge (whereupon Pomme sensibly peels one for him), Yves Beneyton has exactly the right quality of nervy self-centredness that often accompanies great, transient charm. But all the parts, however marginal, are characterised with conviction. The only objection might be to Pomme's mother, or, rather, to what she is asked to do: entrust her daughter to François so readily. The film could have done with something more in the way of preparatory matter here. One or two of Goretta's ellipses read plain evasive.

Yet it is this very reluctance to dot i's, cross t's, that lends a coiled power to an ordinary, sad story. It leaves room for a lot of detail. When Pomme chokes, nervously eating fish at a briefly sketched meeting with François's parents, his mother inquires, 'Didn't some American writer die that way, with a bone?' There is a game, walking blind towards a cliff edge; there is a tenderness with a shawl: and these a stricken, waifish Pomme ('Oui, oui,' she responds to most of his questions) recalls in a pathetic flash when François visits her, after a long lapse of time, at the home. She also tells him patent lies about her subsequent affairs, a trip to Mykonos and its white windmills. When he has gone, she sits down in a recreation room, plastered with travel posters of Greece, to knit. Slowly her head turns to stare straight at us: she has become a portrait as enigmatic as the Mona Lisa. And a rolling title, presumably taken from Pascal Lainé's Prix Goncourt novel for 1974, from which the author and Goretta have constructed their script, closes the piece perfectly:

> He passed by her very close, without seeing her. Because she was one of those people who make no sign, but who must be patiently sought, whom one must know how to see.
>
> In bygone days an artist would have made her the subject of a genre painting. She would have been – seamstress, water-carrier, lace-maker.

No apologies for quoting this in full: nothing else can convey the essence of what Goretta is up to and has so nearly achieved. A last thought: the film's treatment of François has something of the unmodern severity of the best of Eric Rohmer's *Moral Tales*.

I came innocently to Peter Shaffer's *Equus*, having missed it in the theatre. Shaffer has opened it out for the screen and Sidney Lumet directed the result. For those who share my ignorance, a cablese résumé might run like this. Adolescent Alan Strang, stablehand at weekends, has blinded six horses. Expert psychiatrist, Dr Martin Dysart, interviews parents, breaks through by 'tricks' to lad. Transference of a kind ensues: Dysart left feeling knackered, guilty. One gathers that John Dexter's stage production was noteworthy for its visual effects, with metallically outfitted young men triumphantly playing horses and a sensational first curtain. There is not much wrong with Lumet's visuals, either, come to that, even if the equines are now inevitably real. But Richard Burton, as Dysart, is asked to address the camera, us, at intervals and the device – basically uncinematic – tends to increase one's awareness of how extremely *written* Shaffer's bizarre occasion is. Of the horse-play, Burton intones, 'It asks questions I have avoided all my professional life.' As a why-do-it, a psychological thriller, it has its moments, notably with the maimed and maiming parents (Joan Plowright and Colin Blakeley, excellent); and Peter Firth looks well and does his zombie-like best in his original role as the obsessed lad, screwed up both religiously and sexually. Otherwise, it adds up to a precious little.

Menahem Golen's *Operation Thunderbolt*, the third and Israeli shot at the rescue of hijacked Jews from Entebbe, much superior to the first, less exciting than Irvin Kershner's version, is most authentic-seeming. Interestingly, the cabinet angst is largely by-passed in favour of troop preparations. In a cast pleasantly unknown, Klaus Kinsky stands out as Boese, chief terrorist. Mark Heath's Amin is cut right down but still unconvincing. Dov Seltzer's horrendous score had me reaching for his brother, Alka. Dino Risi's *That Female Scent* has Vittorio Gassman as a blinded ex-officer in a black comedy with a rosy ending: highly unpalatable. The animated Disney *The Rescuers*, an Eva Gabor mouse and a Bob Newhart one out to save a ghastly gap-toothed orphan girleen, is likewise cross-purposed: 'Faith is a bluebird,' purrs a cat, but there are a super old airline albatross and a hilarious, mad dragonfly. Peter Sasdy's *Welcome to Blood City*, an unaccountable and nasty SF western, says my bit for me: 'The subject must have a helluva resistance to pseudo-realities.'

Art

James Fenton

Dead or Alive

Gustave Courbet *Grand Palais, Paris; until 2 January*

The most surprising picture in the Courbet centenary exhibition is called *La Toilette de la Morte*. There is a small, bemused group in front of it all day. 'But which is the dead woman?' asks a child. 'The one who is seated.' '*Mais, qu'est-ce que tu dis!*' There is something horrible about this seated woman: her eyebrows do not match, her expression is disgusted or ill, her left arm is withered and insubstantial, and – oddly, for a dead woman – she is gazing into a mirror. According to the catalogue, she was painted in, over the original corpse, in order to turn a picture of a body-washing ritual into a more saleable *Toilette de la Mariée*. Wed-

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dings, you see, are more popular subjects than the laying out of the dead. So an unknown hand has marred this beautiful painting by shoving in a half-dead bride, slumped on to the chair.

Many of the canvases are problematical. In the *Peasants of Flagey Returning from the Fair* the shadow of a basket, borne on the head of a figure Courbet suppressed, has begun to reappear in the evening sky. In the *Funeral at Ornans,* the restorers have cleaned through the gravy in order to revive the face of a young girl on the extreme right of the composition. But they have not restored the figure, so the face hangs like a mask against a background of black. In the *Artist's Studio* Baudelaire was portrayed reading a book, while his mulatto mistress looked tenderly on, her hand resting on his knee. Baudelaire objected to this invasion of his privacy, so Courbet, after the work had been shown in public, painted the mistress out. In the course of time, however, her face has begun to re-emerge through the gloom, and her tender gaze has spookily returned.

The paintings, then, have changed a little or been changed. But this is not the extent of the problem with Courbet. Most of all, the public has changed, so that today we are unaware of the range of references and the context of the greatest of the works. The *Artist's Studio,* for instance, with its large supporting cast of onlookers and models, turns out to be not only, as one might have suspected, a political allegory, but also an allegory based on the symbolism of freemasonry. We look to Courbet's own account of the picture for an explanation of its intentions, but we find that the account is written more with the intention of obscuring the work than making it plain.

If we are baffled by the *Studio,* and find it hard to know how to react to the *Funeral at Ornans* (the two large-scale works which will unfortunately not travel with the rest of the exhibition to London next year), we are not that different from the outraged bourgeois audience of the Paris Salons. Is the *Funeral,* with its strange composition and its mixture of realism and apparent caricature, supposed to convey some message? Or is it simply the equivalent of those Dutch group portraits of local town worthies? The bourgeois audience of the Salon found it outrageous, socialistic, democratic in spirit. According to T. J. Clark's *Image of the People,* an excellent study of Courbet's early paintings, it was aimed at the new Parisian class of dispossessed peasants. (To have a funeral at all, in the Paris of the 1850s, was luxury enough.) The trouble for the modern viewer is – how on earth is one supposed to put oneself in the same frame of mind as a mid-19th century dispossessed French peasant?

One might think that Realism would be easily accessible. *The Meeting,* for instance, looks simple enough. There is Courbet, meeting a couple of other guys, on the road outside Montpellier. When we learn that one of the other guys is Courbet's patron – a rich banker – the complications begin; when we further learn that the composition is based on traditional engravings of the Wandering Jew, and that Courbet casts himself as the Jew, we wonder whether we will ever be able to recognise a picture as *simple* again. Those ripe, somewhat mottled apples in the National Gallery's still life, for instance, what are they about? Or the surprising late sea-scapes, painted in the impressionist manner (a salutary reminder that the impressionists are realists), or the portrait of Whistler's Irish mistress, which one could have sworn was by Rossetti? If Courbet is a difficult painter, one is nevertheless convinced that his difficulties are of supreme interest in the understanding of what came to be known as modern art. Mr Clark's book costs £6. The night train to Paris costs £24.30 return. It's worth buying the book, and taking the train, and having a difficult weekend.

Shoot!

John Jones

Of the Rovers

Every year, on the dot, Father Christmas places a copy of *Shoot!* in my stocking. That's by no means the only time I see the paper, but of course Christmas is a very important period of action and reflection in the football universe, with crowded holiday fixtures, with patterns of promotion and relegation beginning to suggest themselves, and with cup prospects to be pondered. Shrewd Father Christmas knows how to make 15p stretch a long way and simultaneously keep children of all ages quiet. But while time stands still – or rather moves in a circle – for him, it refuses to do the same for me. I have to come to terms with curly-locks heroes in full-page colour and our favourite teams in double-page spread. Above all, I must face the fact that *Shoot!* carries no stories.

This switch from fiction to documentary is a radical sign of the times. It's true that the stories of long ago were often tethered to real life: nobody could fail to recognise Alex James in the Wee Wonder of *Chums* or Cliff Bastin in the Boy Bombshell of *The Champion.* Size, Scotland and ball-control pinpointed one, and youth and thrust the other. That made a special feast of day-dreaming for Arsenal supporters and aspiring forwards long before the dread usage 'identify with' had been coined; but thereafter we were all borne away on a narrative flood tide of print, with one modest illustration to each instalment.

Even now fiction has not surrendered everywhere. *Roy of the Rovers* countered the heatwave weather at the beginning of June with a new serial, 'The Safest Hands in Soccer'; and Hotshot Hamish of *Tiger* (incorporating *Scorcher*) is spending his summer in 'the Middle East' where 'local supporters fired rifles in the air every time Hotshot tried to score'. (In the air, notice. Even in those parts they know better than to point their guns at Hotshot himself.) But the stories of *Roy* and *Tiger* have few words to many pictures, and despite this and other compromises they are both outsold by *Shoot!* – an academic point in the sense that all three come from IPC, a cannibalistic world where *Shoot!* in its time swallowed *Goal.*

Nobody will grudge *Shoot!* its success. The paper has what Eliot claimed for Tennyson, 'abundance, variety and complete competence'. Occasionally it will lighten its tone, as in a rather throwaway interview between itself and 'Argentina's "madman" 'keeper', Hugo Gatti. South America is after all a bit like the Middle East. But the general mood is sober. Listen to Jack Charlton on his decision to leave Middlesborough:

> My own conviction, based admittedly on only two years in top management, is that under the present pattern the manager's fate is inevitable and his success, if any, is fleeting.

Not many people write as well as that, even in *Shoot!*, but the paper as a whole – though it has its lyrical moments, as in Gordon Hill's Manchester piece 'When Watching United Was Like Listening To Music' – shares Jack Charlton's sombre realism in these bad days for English football. The end of the season is a time for taking stock, and an issue in late May devoted two pages to retrospect and close analysis by members of teams that ought to have done better in 1976-77. Pat Rice examined Arsenal's attacking game and its attendant hazards. Jeff Blockley told the sorry tale of injuries and transfers at Leicester. Martin Peters discussed Norwich's failure to shake down into a settled side. And Howard Kendall made a point of Jamesian subtlety about the lack of 'the sort of pressure that will motivate us and help us get the right results' at Birmingham.

Scotland gets its share of attention. Again the tone is analytic with that quaint negative twist so characteristic of thinky journalism – 'Why Rangers Aren't Champions', for example. Soccer outside Britain (despite the mad keeper) is sketchily covered. I suspect *Shoot!* recognises the dominance of the monthly *World of Soccer* in that realm, and has no desire to poach.

Older readers would like more nostalgia. The Jubilee, which just enfolds Stanley Matthews's Cup Final, gave us plenty, and for those who think of 1952 as yesterday there are pleasures like the ravishing photo in front of me now of Alec Jackson shooting on the turn. His hat-trick for Scotland at Wembley has never been matched. That was in 1928 – before my time, but the deed reverberated through the Thirties.

One continuity that puzzles me is the space devoted to the rules of the game. I have never wanted nor have I met anybody else who wanted to be a referee. 'You Are the Ref' is *Shoot!*'s version of the sort of column that was going strong 40 years ago and no doubt long before then. The problems posed are fiendishly theoretical:

> A player commits two direct free-kick offences at the same time by handling the ball and tripping an opponent. Do you (a) simply award a direct free-kick, (b) caution the player for ungentlemanly conduct and award an indirect free-kick or (c) caution and award a direct free-kick?

It's not surprising that most of us prefer to do our refereeing from the terraces.

Last and most difficult to deal with, humour. As with everything else, there are

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more pictures and fewer words than there used to be. *Shoot!*'s way is to employ a cartoonist to draw like mad and then invite a different famous player each week to choose the ones he likes best. The result is never 'robust play', a euphemism often met with in the home press of lower-division teams. The jokes are clean. Are they childish? Well, yes. But there is a fragrance to them which reminds me of *Krokodil*, that excellent beginner's reader in colloquial Russian. A middle-aged, bourgeois-looking Muscovite couple are sitting in a crowded railway compartment:

He: 'I wish we'd got our piano with us.'
She: 'Whatever for?'
He: 'I've left our tickets on it.'

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

All For Love

The Fire that Consumes *Mermaid*
The Good Woman of Setzuan *Royal Court*
The Dragon Variation *Duke of York's*
Maggie *Shaftesbury*

The Fire that Consumes, melodramatic title, is actually the first English translation of Montherlant's *City Whose Prince is a Child* to have stumbled on to our insular stage; and the obvious question is, has it come too late and missed its moment? The worldly-wisemen among us will have little doubt of the answer. The play is woefully naïve and credulous. 'Special friendships' between schoolboys aren't usually as artlessly romantic as it supposes, and the physical climax of an adolescent encounter in the woodshed isn't likely to be just the coyly shared lick of a lollypop. Moreover, religion is not something a self-respecting dramatist should presume to take seriously. The teacher-priest who encourages and then exploits the boys' platonic affair, indulging his unhealthy affection for the younger and his scarcely less morbid jealousy of the older, should of course be packed off to a psychiatrist specialising in paedophilia and the perils of celibacy. The evening should certainly not end, as it actually does, with a specifically Catholic reproof from his superior, differentiating with care and at length between spiritual and secular love. Such a conclusion might have satisfied the impressionable in 1951, when the play was written, perhaps even have found a fragile echo or two in 1966, when it was belatedly staged in France – but now, in the enlightened 1970s? The last word should go to Freud or Reich, not Christ or St Thomas Aquinas.

Well, there are also some of us, not rampagingly religious ourselves, who think the theatre has the right, perhaps the duty to expound intellectually unfashionable points of view; and even those of a narrower persuasion shouldn't be too quick to shrug off Montherlant's dramatic curio. It is, of course, no coincidence that the school play reportedly being rehearsed is *Andromaque* – 'all that unbridled passion and its power utterly to destroy the individual', as the errant Father de Pradts breezily puts it, talking (one must admit) disconcertingly like the answer to a question in an A-level paper in French Lit. Montherlant's matter and manner, his special blend of anguish and austerity, are in the tradition of Racine. Indeed, there are times when one quite expects his protagonist to stagger up and down his monkish study, Sarah Bernhardt in a black cassock, uttering impassioned wails of 'Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée'. But what makes the play interesting and original is De Pradts's knack of persuading himself that his obsession is in fact high-minded and altruistic: this, and Montherlant's willing admission that it may indeed partly be so. Here's a man turned devious, deceitful and dangerous, not just because of the homosexual and paternal frustrations bubbling inside him, but because he genuinely hopes to secure an unruly pupil's immediate benefit and ultimate salvation. It's a case of the do-gooder run amok, flinging out glutinous emotions without clear thought of their consequences: a strange, sacerdotal blend of Phèdre and Lady Bountiful.

Perhaps that doesn't sound terribly alluring or exciting – and, indeed, there were stretches of the play when one would have been grateful for any diversion, even if it was only Bernard Miles teetering in from the wings in pink ballet-slippers. His efforts as director notwithstanding, it is a rather slow and stately evening, full of words, more words, and yet more words. But one emerges rewarded by more than a new pride in one's powers of endurance. In particular, there's a performance from the estimable Nigel Hawthorne that does twin justice to the complexity and to the intensity of De Pradts as Montherlant concocted him. Quickly and quietly, he establishes a character neither unkind nor uncharitable, yet pretty difficult to trust, because he's also self-assured, self-satisfied and entirely unselfknowing. Such a man can be expected to crack rather resoundingly when someone twists his backbone for him, and Mr Hawthorne duly does so, all mottled panic and distraught fidgetings, pleadings and gulpings as David William's Abbé pitches into him with his doleful boom. And yet we believe what his accuser admits, that it is 'the *richness* in your nature that has led you to this dilemma'. Plays may date: good acting, like this, can rescue them.

A point reiterated by Janet Suzman, whose good woman dominates the *Good Woman* more than Brecht would have wished but no more than the mischievous among us must have hoped. The play is not, after all, very trenchant or searching. Shen Te, exploited by predators of all persuasions and pretensions, has to invent an alter ego for herself, a shark-cousin ruthless enough to protect her from their bite. In our unreconstructed world (it seems) good needs to embrace evil in order to endure, an idea whose thrust is somewhat blunted by the gross simplifications of the 'epic' style. Even so, Keith Hack's junkyard production seems excessively sardonic and strident. It squeezes every last droplet of vinegar out of the Brechtian sponge and squirts it determinedly down our assembled throats; and yet one cannot reasonably complain, because Miss Suzman survives the moral overkill, indeed glories in it, switching effortlessly from a marvellously liquid, breathless Shen Te to a frozen, adenoidal Shui Ta and back again. Is there a more riveting actress anywhere?

Briefly, the main merit of Robert King's *The Dragon Variation* is that it allows Roy Dotrice to show his parts: French gangster Welsh pedagogue, English blimp, elderly pouf, passing rapist – but all crammed into a disappointingly lax thriller, out of *Sleuth* and with none of its sire's pace and staying power. *Maggie*, boasting Anna Neagle a an aristocratic galleon in full sail, is simply a bunch of pale songs gratuitously cut into Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Poetasters

'Yes, but do poets *suffer* more than othe people?' asked Dannie Abse as his wif ladled out huge plateloads of grub to th four versifiers he'd invited round for 'Lively Arts' talk-in called *Like Poetry* (BBC-2). The camera anxiously roamed th table in search of a reply and finally cam defeatedly to rest upon the sublimely cor tented-looking figure of Alan Brownjohn gorging away as if he hadn't had a meal i days. Do poets *eat* more than other peopl many viewers must have wondered, as the studied the flushed faces and the busy fir gers of the munching bards. Certainly tha was one of the few questions that got an swered during the course of this ramblin yet boldly superficial show.

Dannie Abse, hailed unanimously in th Sunday paper previews as a 'nice chap', wa *indeed as nice as could be to everyone I* bumped into: to fools at poetry readin who ask questions like 'Would you like define imagery?', to the artists in oth fields whom he approached for though provoking parallels, and to his brother Le who had much that was obvious to say abo the mysteries of rhetoric. The dinner par was the chummy climax, and the intellectu nadir, of the whole affair: I can't thin that anyone watching could have learne anything – most, I imagine, will have fe vaguely patronised by the gentle-eyed Con Hither line that was adopted. Perhaps tel programmes about poetry have to be apol getic; but if they do, I'd rather they left th whole thing well alone.

'Television has changed how we slee when we sleep, how we kill, when we kil Thus the wild-eyed defence lawyer in th Zamora case, which *World In Action* (Gra ada) covered with admirable terseness, mai ly showing sequences from the trial (the fir ever to be televised in full) and interspe

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ing interviews with the main figures. Zamora's mouthpiece had evidently watched too many courtroom dramas and his telly-induced histrionics did much to undermine his avowed loathing of the medium. There were some touching scenes, and some that were almost embarrassingly 'good television', but the actual argument – can violence on TV drive kids to kill? – seemed trumped up; certainly it was pursued with faint enthusiasm by everyone concerned. In the middle of it all sat the boy killer, sulky and bewildered, and no doubt wondering what he was missing on TV.

World About Us (BBC-2) was yet another plug for Desmond Morris's *Manwatching*, and followed the trim anthropologist as he followed various gesticulating humans along streets, observed them at play in cafés, and from time to time caught them going in for something he calls head-contact: 'Ah, here's another head contact, a kiss this time, and yes, there's a pat on the bottom in reply.' Other revelations included a fine case of postural echo (two people sitting in the same position) and a not bad instance of costume echo (two people sporting the same gear). You see: 'Jeans and certain kinds of sweater become . . . a kind of . . . uniform.' Insights of this calibre abounded and I understand that I was so engrossed that I picked my nose throughout. The last time I did that was during *Planet of the Apes*.

Apt programming followed England's night of shame in Luxembourg with the final edition of *This Sporting Land* (Thames) which this week featured 'Soccer! The people's game! It *has* to be!' A nation groaned as the ancient boasts were trotted out; just think, the commentator breathed, of how much *happiness* we've spread around the world! Happiness in Scotland, happiness in Italy, happiness in Holland . . .

Opera

Eric Sams

Bonjour Tristan

Tosca *Covent Garden; further performances 22, 26 October*
Don Carlos *Covent Garden; further performance 24 October*
Werther *Coliseum; further performance 27 October*

Perhaps Tosca was too good to be true to ife. The evil spy-master Scarpia is surely Puccini's real hero, much as Satan was Milon's. His lust for power, and vice versa, re proclaimed in the opening chords: *fff, utta forza*. Even his name suggests the carial scorpion, all stinging tail. Tosca foretalls him with her own desperate knife-hrust; but then she lights symbolic candles ound his corpse and finally leaps to her eath with his name on her lips, as if she ad really fallen for him. Peter Glossop ghtly sees that the secret police force is ne of attraction as well as repulsion; and his first-act entry in particular was impressive in its dignity and dominance. But then the evil impetus rather petered out, leaving a stern and dutiful chief constable who was kind to his men and not unkind enough to his victims. So the performance, though arresting, fell short of complete conviction. Still, there was lavish compensation in the brilliant if sometimes overcrowded staging of the Zeffirelli production, and the fine singing of Montserrat Caballé as Tosca and Jose Carreras as Cavaradossi (now Galina Vishnevskaya and Carlo Bergonzi). Robin Stapleton's alert direction enhanced visual and vocal aspects alike.

Like several other operas and dozens of Lieder, *Don Carlos* suffers from Schiller's moralising, which can reduce great literature to mere capital letters – in this case Church and State v. Love and Freedom. The librettists have deftly removed any residual human interest; so it takes all Verdi's powers to colour and animate the black-and-white abstractions that remain. Even so, the opera is like living chess played with singing pieces, destined to be moved, captured or mated as the Spanish power-game requires. It begins with a queen sacrifice; Elisabeth of France, in love with Don Carlos, is forced to marry his father Philip of Spain, for reasons of state alliance. The helplessness of fate's playthings is perhaps symbolised in the admirable Visconti production, staged by Ande Anderson; during the court scene, the entourage is unobtrusively busy at battledore and blindman's buff. The orchestra, well directed by Miguel Gomez-Martinez, is fully as allegorical as the decor; score and stage are thronged with ominously static figures. When the characters come to life, so do the melodies. Grace Bumbry as the scheming Princess Eboli was always warm, vital and credible; Nicolai Ghiaurov as Philip was a life-like Velasquez portrait throughout, opulently sombre in voice as in costume. But Katia Ricciarelli and Jose Carreras as the thwarted lovers remained rather featureless for all their earnest and sweet-voiced endeavour. To be realistic, they should have taken more notice of each other and less of the house; at one point it seemed that the Queen was granting Don Carlos an audience in quite the wrong sense. Nor will it do for Yuri Masurok, as Rodrigo, to hurtle through the curtain for an entr'acte call as though he had just been shot; because he *had* just been shot. Such samples of his identification with the role went far to vitiate a very fine voice.

The Coliseum offered musical acting, not just costumed singing. One reason is that the original book of Werther is still so open and readable. On the evidence of dozens of operas and hundreds of Lieder, music flows easily and effectively into Goethean channels, which are so much more concrete than Schiller's. The romantic hero's suicidal obsession with a virtuous matron made the first German international best-seller. Its breadth of appeal (to people as diverse as Brahms and Napoleon) stems from its multiplicity of meaning, as fiction, fact, autobiography, symbol and myth as well as straightforward narrative. At one level the cult of Lotte Buff is naked Oedipal fantasy. She is first seen not merely 'cutting bread and butter', as in Thackeray's celebrated lampoon, but supplying that succour to a throng of adoring children. To the enchanted Werther (well played by John Brecknock) this is the very embodiment of nourishing tenderness and maternal charm. I found the mature innocence of Janet Baker's characterisation totally compelling in every note and gesture; and the role lies as snugly within her vocal as her emotional range. Admittedly the score sounds as though Massenet had collaborated with Wagner in turning a German Novelle into a French novelette: *Bonjour Tristan*. But the tenuous creativity is fortified by a sensitive and subtle musical response to mood, scene and character. Thus an orchestral sigh quietly contradicts the sung words 'no regrets', while harmonies and textures lighten at the mention of springtime or young sister Sophie (the delectable Joy Roberts). Charles Mackerras is outstanding among opera-conductors for his gift of relating expressive nuance to textual audibility. In short, the collation of words, music, action and scene though light was exquisitely served; and it was sad to see empty seats at such a feast.

Weekend Competition

No 2486 **Set by Johnny Option**

There will in fact be *five* NS competitors in K. Amis's *Oxford Book of Light Verse*, but the names are still under D-notice until the book goes to bed at the end of the year. This means, however, that you can still get in! Spur yourselves on with a special *Oxford Book* comp: up to 16 lines on any topical subject in the style of any light-verse master (and do *say* whom you're parodying. It saves complications in the complex) by 4 November.

Result of No 2483 **Set by Little Keith**

We – or rather, he – asked for 'Nick and Shun' jokes, along the salubrious lines of: 'So we've been sold as slaves in Tunis, Nick'; 'Yes – remember to call your master "Bey", Shun.'

Report **By Fat Jeff**

Keith is in *terrible trouble* for setting this comp. Early on that fateful Friday he was summoned from the sparkling citadel of the complex to the Editor's crepuscular ground-floor prefab; he returned glazed and laconic, with fractured mutterings about the Petitions Office on the first floor (no one is actually sacked in the complex, though humiliating demotions are commonplace). He was in a state of such pitiable anxiety that Mr Keats was obliged to intervene, and, of course, at a single snap of Spiro's fingers, the whole issue was forgotten . . . But try telling *Keith* that. He couldn't even raise a smile when all these brilliantly puerile entries started rolling in. £1 per obscenity.

What's Othello wearing on his head, Nick?
That's the Moor's toupé, Shun.
I've just heard a shout from the crow's-nest, Nick.
It must have been a mast-top *Hey*!, Shun.

C. J. PARKER

What do you feed your cows when they've

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lost their teeth, Nick?
Mashed-up hay, Shun.
I've just bought a hundred light-bulbs, Nick.
That was a big Mazda-buy, Shun.
That was a very high note Ms Farrow sang just then, Nick.
That was Mia's top A, Shun.
We could go on like this for ever, Nick.
Yes, but we must stop here, Shun.

JUAN KERR

What would you call a service conducted by the head of a French monastery, Nick?
A *messe d'abbé*, Shun.
What's a four-letter word connected with navigation, Nick?
Perhaps 'mast' or 'buoy', Shun.
Why do you switch your lamp on first thing in the morning, Nick?
It's something to watch me stir by, Shun.

BASIL RANSOME

What makes you say Lester Piggott is the best jockey, Nick?
Because he has won most Derbys, Shun.
Nick, I think I'll give up being a male model.
I don't see why – you still pass muster bare, Shun.
Nick, in that story you were telling me – did that doll Goldilocks eat up all the porridge?
No, she only finished that of master bear, Shun.

FRANK ANDERSON

When did you consider you were no longer a kid, Nick?
When I stopped preferring Mars to beer, Shun.
Nick, who's that lady smothered in diamonds?
That must be Ms de Beers, Shun.
What would you say were your favourite drinks, Nick?
In order of preference, I reckon Rum, Asti, Beer, Shun.

ANDY FRANSON

Warum sind Sie so langsam, Nick?
Ich bin so langsam, weil Ich das Brot des Meister bäh, Shun.
You're getting a lot of honey from your hives this year, Nick.
Yes, I've got a queen six inches long which is my star bee, Shun.
What have you got on your head, Nick?
It's Ma's tarboosh, Shun.
I hear your brother is trying to make a snooker table out of chocolate, Nick.
Yes, but it was a failure because you can't stick a Mars to baize, Shun.

TONY SLIME

How will you get from the Canaries to the United Arab Emirates, Nick?
Surprisingly, there's a direct flight, Las Palmas-Dubai, Shun.
I expect I'll be able to have a bath at Thelma's house, Nick.
Oh ho, a rub and a scrub in Thelma's tub, eh, Shun?

PETER WILLIS

Now we've landed on the Red Planet, Nick, how's the radio link with earth?
Still some trouble on Mars-to-base, Shun.
Not many Australians like you go out with a West Country beauty queen, Nick. What's her name again?
Miss Torbay, Shun.

PHILIP NORMAN

So your parents were attacked by footpads, Nick.
Yes, pa's assailant escaped, but I brought ma's to bay, Shun.
Your Calvinist God isn't doing you much good in this shipwreck, Nick.
All right – lash yourself to the mast, Abbé Shun!

ROBERT CONQUEST

These Dutch rivers are no good for fishing, Nick.
I know – take the Maas; turbid, Shun.

C. I. AFFLECK

Sometimes I wonder how you manage, Nick.
I just muster by, Shun.

DAN HAZELWOOD

Tony Miles

Chess

No 55 **The Swiss Connection**

Only a few years ago I recall at least one of the elders of British chess opining that weekend Swisses would never make me a grandmaster. Directly, of course, he was right, but indirectly they certainly made a contribution. However, a tournament held last month makes that view even more redundant.

Modelled on the famous American Lone Pine tournament, and sponsored by Lloyds Bank, a large Swiss-system event was staged in London. Despite a playing schedule of 10 rounds in seven days competitors could qualify not only for international ratings, but also for title norms. Considering the vast preponderance of 'Swiss' tournaments in this country I am surprised that the idea was not thought of earlier.

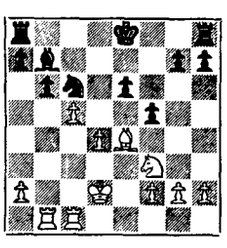
In the event, first place was taken by the Argentinian GM Quinteros with 8/10 ahead of Birnboim (Israel) 7½, Torre (Philippines) Webb and Nunn 7, Basman, Bellin, Hartston and Speelman 6½ etc. But the real triumph of the competition was that no fewer than six players achieved IM results: Birnboim, Webb (though he already has sufficient for the title) Basman (at long last!), Speelman, Bellin, and also the American Formanek who only scored 6.

It would seem that if English organisers wish to mass-produce titled players then this is the way to do it!

One of the victor's games:

White: M. Quinteros **Black: J. Kinle**

1. N-KB3, N-KB3; 2. P-KN3, P-KN3; 3. P-Q4, B-N2 4. P-B4, 0-0; 5. B-N2, P-Q3; 6. 0-0, QN-Q2; 7 N-B3, P-K4; 8. P-K4, P-B3; 9. P-N3, P x P; 10 N x P, R-K1; 11. P-KR3, N-B4; 12. R-K1, P-Q4 Played in the hope that simplification will lead t equality but it only opens the position for white more active pieces. 12. . . .P-QR4 was to be pr ferred. **13. BP x P, P x P; 14, P x P, R x Rch; 15 Q x R, N x QP; 16. N x N, B x N; 17. B-K3!** fine move. The exchange sac leaves white with a overwhelming position due to his dark square co trol. **17.** . . .**B x R.** Alternatively **17.** . . .**N-Q6; 1 Q-B1, B x B; 19. N x B** also leads to a clear a vantage for white. **18. Q x B, N-Q2; 19. B-Q R-QR4; 20. Q-B3, P-B3.** If **20.** . . .**R-R3; 21. Q x 21. N-B7, RN1; 22. B-Q5ch, K-R1; 23. N-K8!** neat conclusion. **23.** . . .**N-K4; 24. N x P Resign**



Problem 55

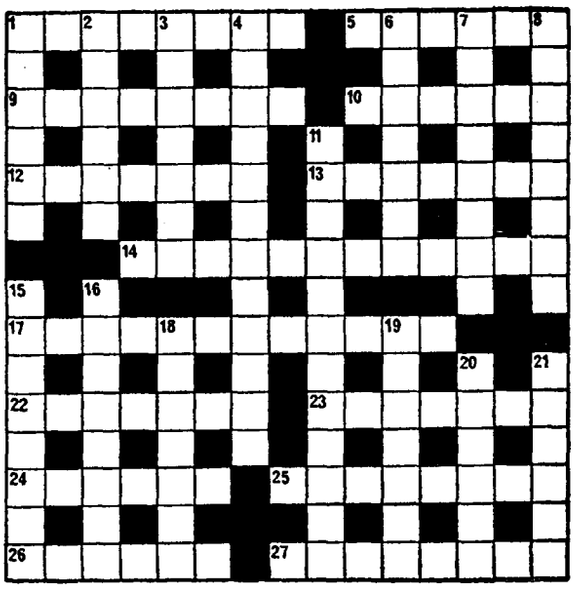
White to play. Ho should the game g Answers to me at t NS postmarked n later than 2 Nove ber.

Solution to Problem 53

1. B-R7! B-R8; 2. K-N1, B-B6; 3. K-B2, B-R8; B-Q4!! B x B (or P x B 5. K-Q3); 5. K-Q3! a if B-N7 6. K-K4 and black cannot stop the RP.

Weekend Crossword 1238

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1238, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 1 November.



ACROSS

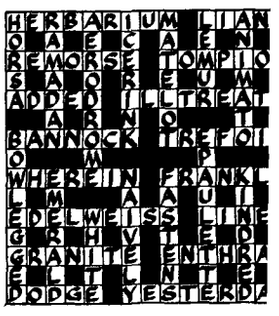
1. The law-breaker is an adult in dense fog (8).
5. River which gives a concession to the states (6).
9. Love poetry like it is abroad (8).
10. Abdicate only for a second during one's rule (6).
12. In the cup Matthews was a fighter (7).
13. Taking a gamble with a mountain, he incites one to error (7).
14. Weapon for providing Yorkshire pudding with mutton? (12).
17. Piece of drill for the shop-walker? (12).
22. Behind the inn this reception would be a novelty (7).
23. Commotion in which one is mixed up with a rum lot (7).
24. Apparel for wild nights (6).
25. The end is indeed exhaustive (8).
26. Run away from merit (6).
27. It stands up to fire with the finest in an emergency (8).

DOWN

1. Flowers of Dublin (6).
2. Agrees to change oil (6).
3. Colouring which shows mother has a sign of operation internally (7).
4. Killing makes one celebrate without sign of delight (12).
6. Exist in part of London where you can get a drink illegally (7).
7. Bow ties for artists? (8).
8. Concurrence of symptoms when one is heard to have erred against the Catholic faith? (8).
11. Something to lie on which makes a tangle in one's locks (12).
15. Took the initiative without the commanders being approached (8).
16. Crazy cult as in crazy people (8).
18. Lever lets go a catch! (7).
19. Part of dress with a in the middle (7).
20. One is in the vacant clo room (6).
21. Youngster put in most the finest weapons (6).

SETSQU

Solution to No 1236



Prizewinners to No 123

Dr Hunter Smith (Carlis
Verity Monicker (Warley
Hamish McGrittie (Edinburgh)

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TUC

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Applications are invited for the position of Director of the Institute which will become vacant in July 1978 upon the retirement of Dr S. I. Evans.

The Institute which, until 1960, was known as the South Australian School of Mines and Industries, was founded in 1889 and established as an autonomous institution by special Act of Parliament in 1892. It has an international reputation and a long history in the education of persons for professional positions in commerce, industry and public service. The designation of the Institute as a College of Advanced Education by the Australian Government has resulted in a broadening of the range of courses offered and a concentration on fully professional studies.

Courses are offered to 5,600 students (1977 enrolments) at post-graduate and under-graduate level in the areas of Applied Science, Engineering, Business and Social Studies and Health Services.

The Institute occupies three sites with campuses at North Terrace, Adelaide, the Levels (approximately 13 km north of Adelaide) and at Whyalla, situated on Eyre Peninsula approximately 420 km from Adelaide.

The Director is responsible to the Institute Council for the management and conduct of the Institute.

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Further information may be obtained from the Chief Personnel Officer, South Australian Institute of Technology, North Terrace, Adelaide, South Australia, 5000.
Applications including the names and addresses of at least three referees should be forwarded to the President of the Council, South Australian Institute of Technology by 20 December, 1977.

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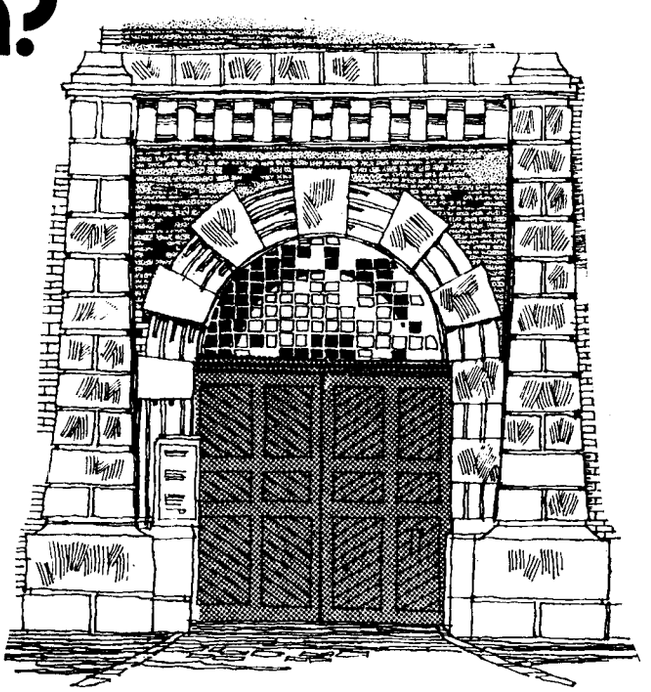

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Entertainments

SATURDAY 22 OCTOBER. Young Mapam invite you to come and dance to Johnny's Disco — fantastic sounds guaranteed. 8.30 till late. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6 (Finchley Road tube). £1.

GUEST SPEAKER AVAILABLE. Ex-cabaret artist/theatre manager. Rebekah Levy, Watford 48728 anytime or write Box 9240.

Concerts

CARMINA BURANA: Carl Orff. 130 performers, soloists, orchestra, chorus. Joseph Pilbery, Conductor. Wed. 2 Nov. New Kensington Town Hall, 8 prompt. Tickets now: Potters Bar (77) 50735.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded bkg info: 836 5332. 'Romeo & Juliet', 'Troilus & Cressida', 'A *Midsummer Night's Dream*', 'The Comedy of Errors', in repertoire. See daily press for dates & times. RSC also at the Warehouse at Donmar Theatre, 'Macbeth' (sold out), Howard Barker's 'That Good Between Us' (not suitable for children). Also at Piccadilly Theatre in 'Wild Oats' & Savoy Theatre in '*Man & Superman*'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'The Dog Ran Away' by Brother Jonathan OSF. Directed by Michael Rudman. Evgs 8, Sats 5 & 8. 'Enthralling' F. T. 'I am grateful to *have seen this piece*' Times.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Volpone', 'The Plough & The Stars', 'State of Revolution', 'The Lady from Maxim's', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Metamorphosis', 'The Passion' (£1.50 & £2.50). See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded info: 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Evgs 7.30. Sats 5 & 8. Janet Suzman in 'The Good Woman of Setzuan'.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. From Tues., Barbara Murray, Mary Kerridge, Conrad Phillips, Anne Ridler in 'Separate Tables' by Terence Rattigan.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
'Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.
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Exhibition

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. New lithographs by Brett Whiteley, a series of eight studies of the nude & two single prints. View of the Garden & Flowers on the Table. Illustrated catalogue 75p. on request.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower Street, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 25 Oct. 'Greek Papyri' (film by Mirek Dohnal), introduced by Professor E. G. Turner; 27 Oct. 'Family, Fertility and Feminity in Anthropological *Perspective*' by *Professor Meyer Fortes.*

WILLIAM TEMPLE ASSOCIATION (London Branch) meeting Wed. 26 Oct. Milena Kalinowska on 'The *Religious Situation in* Eastern Europe'. 7.30 for 8 p.m. Liddon House, 24 South Audley Street, W1.

PHILIPPE ARIES, Historian, will give a lecture on 'L'Homme devant la mort, du Moyen-Age à nos jours' on Tuesday 25 October at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Tel: 589 6211 ext. 38. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, Blind Lane, Bourne End, Bucks (Tel. 06285 26464). Sun. 23 Oct. Swami Nisreyasananda (Guest Speaker) at 4 p.m. All welcome. Vedanta mag. 40p.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Tues. 25 Oct. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 23 Oct. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. free pamphlet, talks programme, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

YOUNG FABIAN GROUP. 'Women's Rights —Rape and the Law', meeting at which a doctor, a lawyer and a speaker from 'Women Against Rape' will speak. Tues. 25 Oct. 7.30 p.m. At 11 Dartmouth St, London SW1.

Courses

THE IDEOLOGY OF EARLY FEMINISM—a new 7-week course at the Round House Downstairs, Chalk Farm, NW1. 10 a.m.-12 noon. From 3 Nov. £5 including crèche. Details from Feminist Education Group, 21 Oakdene Park, N3. 346 3028.

DIPLOMA IN TELEVISION STUDIES, Television Direction/Production. One year f time, commences 3 Jan. 1978, two ye part-time. TTC, Dept NS/77, 23 Grosve Street, W1. Tel. 01-629 5069/6839.

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2. Length: maximum 3,500 words.
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4. Conditions: anyone except *Time Out* employees and their families may enter; submissions should be typed and double-spaced; stories must not have been previously published. Please note that manuscripts cannot be returned.
5. *No award will be made if in the opinion of the judges no story is* acceptable.
6. Address entries to Short Stories, *Time Out*, 374 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8BB; envelopes must be postmarked no later than November 21, 1977.
7. Judges: Sara Maitland, Matthew Hoffman, Marina Warner.
8. The author of the winning story will be notified before publication

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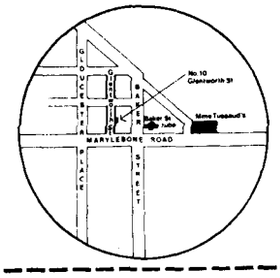

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ONDINE ENSEMBLE

Marianne Ehrhardt — flute; **Hildburg Williams** — violin;
Lisa Polunin — viola; **Sharon McKinley** — cello.
Reger — Serenade in G Major;
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Mozart — Quartet No. 25 in D major.

Tickets £1.50 and £1.00 at the door.
Information: 01-564 7340: 10 a.m. to 12 noon.

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